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Trial Package FREE.

On the theory that "seeing is believing," John A. Smith, of Milwaukee, U.S.A., wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of Rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 50,000 free sample packages among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith has suffered all the agony and torture from Rheumatism, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take to morphine, and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of Rheumatism; after much experimenting, he finally hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new-found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends and relatives and neighbours suffering from rheumatism were next eluded to offer his remedy the task a difficult one, as a hundred or more remedies, to believe that there was rheumatism. But an old wrote him saying if Mr. sample he would try it, but and wasted a fortune with remedies, he wouldn't buy it was worth something, purchased more, and the was completely cured. idea, and ever since that out free sample packages to is that he is now the happy of testimonials from world who have been both entirely cured by physicians had to admit a positive success, among University of Venezuela, to by the United States other instances the result cured many cases which Electricity, and Medical



JOHN A. SMITH.

"Gloria Tonic" cured Mrs. H. Bester, of Welton, near Darenty, who has suffered for years. Mr. L. Pinkey, 3 Well Lane, Bridlington, a martyr to Rheumatism for 27 years, has been entirely cured through its use. Mr. J. Holden, of 23 Angles Road, Streatham, S.W., is an enthusiast over "Gloria Tonic." A neighbour of Mr. Holden, Mr. J. Crampton, 24 Angles Road, Streatham, S.W., says: "I can recommend 'Gloria Tonic' to all who suffer with Rheumatism, as I am thankful to say that your remedy has cured me entirely." The following people have also been entirely cured through the use of "Gloria Tonic": attested to by testimonials which they have sent me: Mrs. J. Brewer, 39 St. Ann's Road, Barking, E.; Mr. T. Marsh, 100 Bury New Road, Whitefield, Lancs.; Mr. J. Metcalf, Hill Gill Farm, Mallerstang, Kirkby Stephen; Mrs. West, The Club, Surbiton; Mr. G. Chennells, 11 Watford, near Hemel Hempstead; Mrs. G. Hiron, 39 Stanley Street, Queen's Road, S.W.; Mr. E. Guest, Bissell Street, Canton, near Birmingham; Mrs. Sanderson, 22 West Park Road, Newport, Mon.; Mr. L. Leyshon, 2 Gwindy Terrace, Pentrechurch; Mrs. W. Smith, Applehouse, Tronston, Sandwick, Strathclyde; Mr. J. Helmsley, Hallow Down, near Uckfield; Mr. P. Haslam, 13 Turners Terrace, Ramshot; Mr. G. Mackay, Embo Dornoch, Sutherlandshire; Mr. J. Little, South Maistoun, Strathclyde, Swindon.

Can I offer you better proofs of the merits of my remedy? These are only a few of hundreds of testimonials of recent date which I now hold.

On receipt of a postal card or letter from you, mentioning this paper, you will receive by return post, FREE, a trial package of "Gloria Tonic," a booklet on Rheumatism, and other literature of great interest to sufferers. Address:—

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The blades are Genuine Sheffield Steel, and of fine temper and finish. The Handles are specially selected and fitted. The Spoons and Forks are of Pure Nickel Silver, highest Quality (and not brass or white metal), and warranted to wear as white as Sterling Silver throughout.

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"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abuses are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough for the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

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A Simple Remedy for Preventing and

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All Functional Derangements of the Liver
Temporary Congestion
arising from Alcoholic Beverages,
Errors in Diet,
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INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, &c.—"I have thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I should be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I once have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly, —" (August 8th, 1905)

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FLUENT CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and is UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....
Available from 5 a.m., Thursday, Dec. 5th, 1901, until midnight, Friday, Dec. 13th, 1901. For full particulars see page 368.

595.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EATERS.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 12, 1901.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

POST-OFFICE SMARTNESS.

THE Post Office officials have more than once been accredited with extraordinary sagacity in ferreting out addresses which, on the surface of the envelope, have presented something in the shape of an enigma.

Their latest accomplishment is the delivery of a letter addressed to "Mr. So-and-So."

Here is a very similar case:

A young man fell in love, "at first sight," with a young woman—a milliner. Her address he knew, but her name, alas! was unknown to him.

He was a young man of resource, so he sat down and addressed his confession of love to "Miss Sew-and-Sew."

And the extraordinary part of it is that the *billet doux* duly reached her.

LADY: "How dirty your face is, little boy."

Boy: "Yes'm; we hain't had no company for more'n a week."

"WHAT is your sweetheart by trade, Lizzie?"

"A miller."

"So was my last one; but missus always saw him standing in our dark pantry, and so now I've got a chimney sweep."

ECONOMY THAT MAY MEAN DEATH.

THERE is scarcely a more risky piece of economy than that of turning the gas low for the night. When you lower the gas, and go to rest for the night, the chances are that the drop in the pressure, which usually takes place in the small hours, has yet to come; you feel some satisfaction at the very small bead of light which you leave in case of emergencies and drop off to sleep.

It is quite possible that, when the drop in pressure is made, your feeble point of light will go, the pressure not being sufficient to feed it; then the pressure is increased and the gas fumes steadily fill the room. This has happened in more cases than people imagine.

If you require a faint light during the night, choose an ordinary night light in preference to a gas jet. It is healthier. Even an oil lamp does not vitiate the air to the same extent as gas, as you may see if you keep flowers in the room; they will last longer in a room lighted by paraffin than in one illuminated by gas.

HE: "Precious, did you give me this beautiful umbrella because you love me?"

SHE: "No, darling. I gave it to you because I am tired of lending you mine."

CALLER: "Can I see your typewriter for a few minutes?"

Business man: "She's engaged, sir."

Caller: "That's all right, sir. I'm the happy man."

A SALESMAN'S GOOD VOICE.

SHOP assistants and others who have to sell goods seldom pay much attention to their voices, and their employers attach, apparently, little importance to that part of the anatomy of assistants. In point of fact, it is of great importance.

"What a harsh, grating voice that girl has!" exclaimed a lady as she left a West-end shop. "I feel inclined never to come here again!"

Even needles and thread sell better when the seller has a pleasant voice; an unmodulated, grating or shrill voice will arouse this inclination to go elsewhere, and those who have to employ assistants would do well to tell them to train their vocal organs.

Why should we not be attended to by men and women whom it is pleasant to hear speak? There would be a gain to the community at large if it were regarded as an indispensable condition to obtaining a situation that the candidate should possess an agreeable tone—the gain would be that we should all be induced to cultivate a musical voice, and talking, even ordinary conversation, would be so much more pleasant to listen to. We British have musical voices, but we fail to make the best use of our natural gifts.

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AN UNWELCOME MISS.

The mother is delightful,
We welcome her with smiles,
Though 'tis but seldom she appears
Along life's weary miles.

And when she pays a visit
Her turn is never billed,
And yet our hearts with glad surprise
And gratitude are filled.

But with her horrid daughter
We never can agree,
For she inspires in everyone
A deep antipathy.

She used to call too often,
We loathed her when she came;
You really must have met her—
Miss Fortune is her name!

WHEN KINGS BATHED IN THE THAMES.

VERY few persons of refined taste would care to bathe in the Thames between Battersea and Blackfriars, or lower down, at the present time, but in former days it was regarded as a luxury.

We read that Colonel Blood hid himself in the rushes that choked the river on the Surrey side at Battersea in order to get a good chance of shooting King Charles II. as the latter was bathing from the opposite bank. Lord Northampton died suddenly while bathing in the Thames after having served the King at supper; this nobleman was imprudent enough to have a dip after having supped himself. Lord Byron, less than a century ago, found a pleasure in a dip in the Thames, and tells us that he swam from Battersea down the river to Westminster.

The spectacle of a king plunging into the Thames from the Chelsea Embankment at the present time would draw more people than a coronation!

HUSH!

JUST A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

Pearson's Extra Christmas Number is ready.

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

NO FLIES ON THEM.

"WHEN I was a young man," said a commercial traveller, "I was rather fond of displaying my smartness when visiting country districts. The slow-minded rustics, however, proved more than a match for me on one occasion."

"While resting on a summer's day at a country inn, I entered into conversation with some farmers, and proceeded to parade my smartness as a townsman."

"After a time, an old farmer proposed, as a little diversion, that each person present should have a saucer of sugar placed in front of him, and the man whose saucer first attracted a fly should pay for refreshments for all the rest."

"I entered heartily into the joke, but was a little chagrined when the first fly alighted in my saucer. However, I paid up and looked pleasant, and when the refreshments were finished sat down for another turn, confident that this time the fly would claim a rustic victim."

"Judge of my astonishment when two flies paid a visit to my saucer, quite ignoring those of my companions. Amid a chorus of snorts and guffaws I again paid, and then, a little surprised, not to say mystified, I departed."

"It was not until some time afterwards that I became aware of the joke which had been practised upon me. Those wily old farmers were in league with the landlord, who had seen to it that, while my saucer held powdered sugar, theirs contained salt!"

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR M.B.H.

SOON after Lord Galloway entered the House of Lords he presumed so far upon his relationship to the Marquis of Salisbury as to write to Disraeli to ask for the office of Master of the Buckhounds, and he was favoured with a reply which read somewhat as follows:

"I am sorry that I cannot recommend you for the office of Master of the Buckhounds, as Her Majesty dislikes having anybody in connection with the Royal Household who uses bad language; but I will recommend you for the Lord High Commissionership to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland."

And, sure enough, Lord Galloway held the Lord High Commissionership to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland both in 1876 and 1877.

THE HUSBAND: "You're not economical."

The Wife: "Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding-dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is."

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your spring?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully, "I think the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

KEEP YOUR POTATOES DRY.

POTATOES contain a proportion of an alkaloid known as salomine, which is poisonous. New potatoes contain only a small percentage of this substance unless the tuber has grown partly out of the ground and has a green skin. Most people accustomed to this vegetable understand that such green-skinned potatoes are not good. It is, however, in the ordinary tuber, when old, that danger from this poison is most to be feared.

About nine years ago, there was an epidemic of colic and general sickness among the soldiers of a German regiment, and there was no apparent cause for it. The men suffered severely from headache and other maladies that led to a suspicion of poisoning. Investigation showed it to be due to eating from a store of old potatoes that had been kept in a damp cellar and were, in several instances, beginning to sprout. In some of these potatoes the doctors found 24 times as large a quantity of salomine as is usually obtained from the vegetable when new. Keep your old potatoes dry!

WIGG: "Why do they always have special policemen at railway stations?"

Wagg: "To keep people from taking the trains, of course."

MRS. POTTS: "I will give you something to eat if you will take this soap and water and give your face a good washing."

Hungry Higgins: "Not much, I may be, but I ain't starvin' yet."

WE GROW OLD IN PIECES.

THE general impression is that the body grows old uniformly; from birth till the age of 25, it grows in size and weight, from 25 to 50 it remains stationary, and from that period it decays. Observations of expert physiologists show us that this impression is not a correct one.

Each organ begins to age independently, each has its period for the change, and these periods differ with the various organs and do not take place coincidentally, as we may have supposed. The body attains its greatest size during the third decade and remains in about the same condition during the fourth and fifth decades, that is true; but the brain reaches its greatest size in the second decade, the kidneys reach their maximum size during the third decade, the muscles, skeleton and intestines during the fifth, the heart and lungs in the eighth decade.

Increase or decrease in the size or weight of the body, consequently, is not due to simultaneous increase or decrease in all its parts.

If you have not already got a copy of Pearson's Extra Christmas Number, you had better do so now, as it is impossible for us to reprint either the paper itself or the extra coloured plate.

SHORT STORY

The Remarkable Discovery of a Graphologist.

By GEORGE BEST.

WHILST off duty I usually keep the nature of my profession to myself. As a rule, a graphologist, when he is amongst strangers, is regarded by them as a species of quack wizard; and is looked upon as an individual who has probably failed in earlier attempts to obtain a livelihood, and has taken to the study of character in handwriting as a last resource to earn what he can from those who are credulous enough to patronise him.

It is but a very small minority who give us credit for the amount of labour we have to expend on our profession, for the long and weary hours to be devoted to studentship; for the greatest of all difficulties to be overcome—which involves a science of itself—the task of conquering the prejudice of those who refuse to acknowledge that graphology is subject to simple natural laws, and is not the harebrained production of men whose object it is to victimise the more imaginative members of society.

These are the chief reasons why I make it a point to hide my identity whenever I take my annual vacation.

Time no doubt will remove the vulgar prejudices which have caused us to be labelled as little short of swindlers, and we shall take our proper place amongst the learned professions; but that time has not yet arrived, so we must be content with our lot for the present. It was only a few weeks before the date of my approaching holiday that I happened to chance upon a stranger whilst on a railway journey between Bradley and Gosnorth.

In the course of our conversation, we touched upon the subject of holidays, and I mentioned casually to him that I should shortly be taking my change, and that I thought of visiting some part of Switzerland, which was altogether new ground to me.

"You are going to Switzerland, sir, and is it your first visit, may I be so bold as to ask?"

"My very first," I replied.

"Then allow me to congratulate you—I envy you!"

"You have not been to the country yourself, I presume?" I asked him.

"Many times; but subsequent visits are not as the earliest. It is the first that leaves the most indelible of impressions. Switzerland never fails; but no trip is comparable to the initial one. The first sight of the snow mountains—the first sounds of the melody of the cow-bells—the first gathering of the exquisite gentian on the uplands—the first vision of the alpenglow on the silver summits—the first sight of the rainbow-painted waterfall—these, and a hundred and one other charms, produce on the first acquaintance an enthusiasm which is considerably modified on renewed occasions."

Here was the very man who could give me the very information I was anxious to obtain.

"And in a country where there are so many attractive resorts and itineraries, which would you recommend as being the best for a stay of a fortnight or three weeks?" I inquired.

"You ask me a difficult question; but the route which has pleased me the most is that which includes Berne and Thun, with a stay of a few days at Interlaken, from which Lucerne should be reached, the glorious St. Gothard then traversed, with Lugano to be chosen as the limit of the journey."

"Lugano is one of the most entrancing spots that can be imagined. The noblest of mountains, the fairest of lakes, and the most luxuriant of vegetation there combines with an Italian climate, to render the spot one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, resort in Switzerland. And you can obtain every comfort at the Hotel de Milano, which I can recommend from personal experience."

I needed no further eulogium to settle any hesitation I might have felt in choosing a route. The word-painting of Kenleigh—for that was the name on the card which the stranger handed to me as we parted company—was sufficient, and I decided to make preparations to proceed to Lugano immediately I could get away.

It was a delightful journey all the way from the French frontier to my destination. I felt tempted at each point of interest to stay beyond the pre-arranged time. At Interlaken I fell a victim to the enchanting scenery, and stopped in the neighbourhood a day beyond the time I had set apart for a stay in that modern Eden.

After several hours spent in the famous St. Gothard, I at length found myself in Lugano. The view on emerging from the station was indeed grand, but owing to atmospheric conditions, it was totally different from that expatiated upon by my informant. The summits of the surrounding mountains were completely hidden by dark clouds of a density such as I had never before witnessed. Rain was falling fast, and a heavy storm appeared to be brewing.

I quickly found my way to the Milano, where I engaged rooms for a week's stay.

The proprietor I found to be most affable and entertaining. He spoke English fluently, having spent many years in the management of an American hotel, and gave me every assistance in the mapping out of excursions in the neighbouring district as well as over the frontier to Monte Generoso, and to the Italian shores of the lakes Como and Maggiore. Full of anecdote, and acquainted with the innumerable legends that belonged to the romantic district in which he had settled, I found

in his company that time was passing only too rapidly. My week's stay, however, was rapidly drawing to its conclusion, and as I was packing my valise preparatory to bidding farewell to Lugano, Dezzio—the proprietor—tapped at the door and said:

"Can Monsieur spare me a few minutes before he leaves? I wish to ask a little favour of him."

"Certainly," I replied, feeling only too glad to be able to make some little acknowledgement of the many services he had accorded me during my pleasant stay in his hotel.

"Then will you be so kind as to follow me into my bureau? I shall not detain you long."

I stepped into his private room, and the first words he addressed to me were: "You are a graphologist, I think, Mr. Wilston?"

I was taken aback by this question. How did he know it?—for, as I mentioned before, I always hid the nature of my employment whenever I happened to be away on vacation.

"I am a graphologist; but you somewhat surprise me by your acquaintance with the fact. How, may I ask, did you find this out?"

"By the visitor's book, Monsieur; you signed yourself as such—see, here it is."

He opened the book in question, and, sure enough, there was my signature with the word "Graphologist" filled in under the column headed "Profession."

How foolish of me! In a state of combined hurry and absence of mind, I had done exactly what I had been endeavouring to avoid. Instead of the description, "Voyageur," I had forgotten myself, and from force of habit, had written "Graphologist."

"The little favour I am going to ask, Monsieur, is this: Several months ago I had the misfortune to lose a quantity of valuable silver, which I have made every effort to trace, but without result. I am perfectly assured as to the honesty of my servants, and I have little doubt but that the thief is no other than one of the tourists who have put up here. You see my difficulty. They are chiefly foreigners, and I cannot think of one more than another who might be the guilty party. However, I saw by the description you have written of yourself in the visitor's book, that you are a judge of character by handwriting, and it has occurred to me that by making a close examination of the various entries for the past few months, you might chance upon one which may show signs of belonging to a person of criminal inclination, and that you may, thereby, furnish a clue to the mystery."

Time was pressing. I had but half an hour in which to meet the train for Bellinzona, so I suggested to Dezzio that he should lend me the book for a month or two, in order that I might make a minute examination of the various entries.

To this offer he willingly acceded, so, hastily packing the register away, I said good-bye to Lugano, and was soon on my way to Bellinzona.

Immediately upon my arrival in London, I set to work in real earnest upon a professional examination of the visitors' book.

One by one I inspected the various entries. All were satisfactory but those of a tourist who had signed on the 28th of April. The character of these seemed to suggest that if the silver had been purloined by a guest, then the man whose handwriting I was examining was the most likely person out of the list.

Criminal instincts were strongly marked, and there were decided indications of a tendency to kleptomania and a love of ostentation—a discovery which confirmed my opinion that the plate had been stolen to be used for ornamentation rather than to be sold for its intrinsic value.

I was exceedingly gratified with this development of my examination. I had hopes now that, with adroit management, the silver could be traced, and finally be restored to its rightful owner.

I had been so engrossed in my inspection that I had not troubled to decipher the somewhat illegible signature. I remembered this, and at once directed my attention to it.

Letter by letter I spelt it out. Did my eyes deceive me? The signature read:

ERIC KENLEIGH.

"Eric Kenleigh!" I exclaimed. "Why, that the very man who recommended me to go to Lugano. There's a little mystery here. If he had taken the silver, surely he would have been the last one to recommend anyone to put up at the Milano!"

I dropped a hasty line to Dezzio, and informed him that I thought I had a clue. I asked him to describe the designs of the plate, in order that I might be in a position to identify it if I were called upon to do so.

By return of post I received full particulars from Dezzio, who expressed himself as being delighted that I had been able to put my graphological knowledge to so practical a use. He appended a lengthy list of the missing articles, of which I made a careful note.

My next endeavour was to discover Kenleigh. I turned to a directory, and was fortunate in finding therein that he lived in an adjoining suburb. I had my plans worked out.

I would call upon him for the apparent purpose of telling him of my appreciation of his good services in advising me to go to Lugano, and I would keep my eyes open on the articles of plate that might be in his possession.

This I accordingly did. Kenleigh received me hospitably, and begged me to stay to supper. Needless to say, I accepted his offer. No signs, however, of the purloined silver were there. Not a single item that I could identify as Dezzio's property was to be seen.

I was beginning to wonder whether my science was at fault. Should I hazard a straight question? I decided to do so.

"Do you know," I commenced, "that there was a big theft of silver at the Milano in the spring?"

I watched him narrowly as I put the question, but he showed no signs of interest as he replied:

"No; I was not aware that any had been lost. Has it been discovered?"

His nonchalance somewhat disconcerted me as I said, "It is still missing; but there seems little doubt as to the thief."

Still Kenleigh exhibited no signs of embarrassment. He looked me full in the face, and asked me whether the culprit was in custody.

I now felt pretty convinced that I must have been in error, and that Kenleigh was as innocent as myself; but how was I to explain the delineation which had left no doubt in my mind that he was the actual thief?

The tell-tale book was in my pocket.

Without thinking as to the expediency of producing it in the present situation—I found, moreover, that my impatience to solve the problem was too great to be resisted—I opened the book, and, pointing to his name, I said, "Suspicion is cast upon the writer of that line. There is the signature of the man who is charged with the robbery of Dezzio's plate."

Kenleigh's coolness annoyed me. He merely replied, "That's my name, to be sure, but it is not my signature!"

"Then whose signature is it?" I exclaimed in bewilderment.

Kenleigh smiled and replied, "Allow me to explain. That is not a signature at all; it's the writing of Camille Durellest. I recollect it now. He was stopping at the hotel when I was there. This is how it happened. On the day previous to my visit I had been climbing, and had had the misfortune to sprain my right wrist. Durellest was at my side when the visitors' book was produced, and I asked him as a favour to fill up my particulars, as I was unable to do so at the time!"

"That explains the mystery. You see, I am acting as a private detective," I said, feeling rather confused by this unlooked-for dénouement. "Can you tell me anything about this Camille Durellest?"

"Certainly! there are his own entries just below mine!"

So my science was not at fault after all! I sent full particulars to my friend Dezzio, and, a few months afterwards, I received a letter from him to the effect that Monsieur Durellest had been arrested at his home in Grenoble, and that the plate was restored to its rightful owner.

SHE MEANT TO ENCOURAGE.

TOM: "Oh, she'll never have me, I know."
Cousin Nell: "I'm sure she likes you. Why don't you ask her?"

TOM: "I was going to last night, but she called me a lobster, and—"

Cousin Nell: "You're a goose, that's what you are. Don't you know she's passionately fond of lobsters. She meant to say you were nice enough to eat."

NOT NECESSARY TO TALK MUCH.

"You know," she said, "I am not much of a conversationalist."

This seemed to him the opportunity for which he had been waiting.

"Well," he returned, "if I do the preliminary talking your conversational ability will be sufficient to enable you to say 'Yes,' won't it?"

After all, in courtship there is nothing like getting your answer before you ask the question.

THE JURYMAN WAS RIGHT.

A FUNNY story is related of a juryman, who outwitted a judge, and that without telling an untruth. He came breathlessly into the court:

"Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do. I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge.

"Certainly; you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice asked:

"How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said that you did not know which would die first."

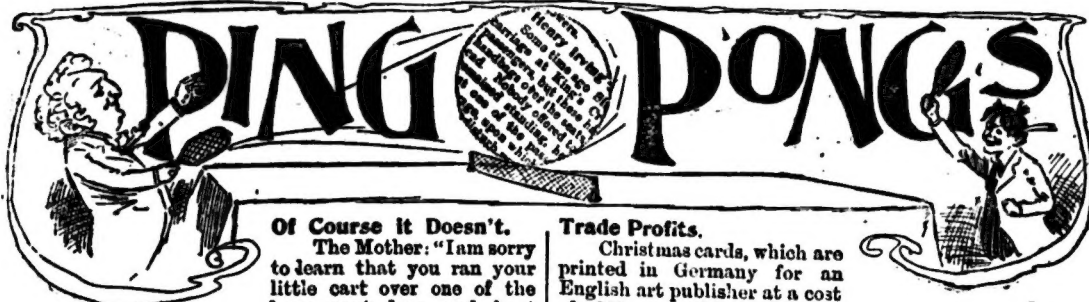
"Nor do I. That is a problem that time alone can solve."

PROPRIETOR OF SHOP: "Well, sonny, what is it?"
Freddie: "If my dad comes in here and wants to buy anything except a bicycle, don't sell it to him."

TESS: "Mamma was rummaging through the attic to-day, and she found the cradle I used when I was a baby. She was going to throw it away, but I wouldn't let her."

JESS: "I should think not. Antique furniture is all the rage now."

HOME NOTES this week contains an article on the "Foolishness of Some Young Men." It is good reading for those who come under this category, and those who don't.



Of Course It Doesn't.

The Mother: "I am sorry to learn that you ran your little cart over one of the boys next door, and hurt him." "It wasn't my fault. I told him to get out of the way. My cart's got 'Royal Mail,' painted on both sides of it, and it doesn't have to stop for nobody."

New Use for the Telephone.

A Baltimore court has decided that an affidavit taken by a telephone is valid. In this case a man in Cincinnati had made oath to a paper in Baltimore over the long-distance telephone, being identified by his voice, which was well-known to the attesting judge.

A Splendid Piano.

Entering a music shop the other day, a Welsh miner, who had lately come into a considerable sum of money, bought a £50 piano. A fortnight later he returned for a music stool, and the shopkeeper asked him if the instrument gave satisfaction. "Man," he said, "but you wouldn't know it now. It looks just splendid! My wife has painted it yellow to match the chest of drawers."

The Smallest Smell.

M. Berthelot, the famous French chemist, has been trying to find what is the smallest weight of an odorous substance that can excite the nerves of smell in a human being. By repeated dilutions he found that even such an unimaginable quantity as three-eighths of a millionth of a grain of iodoform would produce the characteristic smell, and musk was many times stronger still. He also found that the keenness of smell varied greatly in different persons.

The Value of Smoking.

During the recent manoeuvres in Switzerland, the general staff made a series of experiments characteristic of the most democratic army in Europe. They were designed to test the influence on the troops of smoking being permitted in the ranks during long marches. A staff officer declares that the results showed the balance of advantage to lie entirely on the side of the full pipe. There were no difficulties of discipline, which was really improved, because smoking kept the men more cheerful and less sensitive to fatigue.

She Knew what He was Doing.

The following story is told of a little girl of ten. She is the daughter of a well-known lady of considerable charms, whom the family doctor was visiting for influenza. He felt her pulse gravely and tenderly, holding her wrist after the orthodox manner of a ladies' doctor, as he sat beside her in the drawing-room. As he did so he became aware that the child had her great, grave eyes, full of inquiry, fixed upon him. "You don't know what I am doing?" said the medical man lightly to the young lady. "Yes, I do," was the portentously solemn reply. "You are making love to my mother."

Outwitting the Boers.

Mr. Blueloch, war correspondent of the MORNING POST sends the following story of outwitting the Boers: On one occasion, at the request of the officer commanding one of our columns, a special statement of the strength of the enemy's opposing force, made out by the hand of the Boer commandant himself, was obtained by his intelligence department. One of our men, an Afrikaner, allowed himself to be captured, and promised to secure the support for the Boers of all the local population with Boer sympathies if they could be satisfied that the Boer forces were the stronger. The Boer commandant on this suggestion innocently made out a complete statement of his men and guns, and next day it was in the hands of the British commander.

A Pretty Sort of Analysis.

The Sultan of Turkey recently played an amusing joke at the expense of some medical experts at Constantinople. When the plague broke out in his capital, the Sultan asked if anything was known as to the cause. On being informed that it was to be found in the state of the drinking water, he called at once for six empty bottles, which he had filled in his presence, all from the same one of the palace wells, placed his own seal upon them, and then, without divulging their community of origin, handed all six to a prominent analyst. To his amazement, the report sent in was that four of the samples contained plague microbes. The fifth was merely putrid water, and the sixth was quite pure. Abdul Hamid calmly shrugged his shoulders and kept his thoughts to himself.

Fish Bone Travels 35 Feet in a Man's Body.

Having suffered most excruciating pain for ten days, a man living in New York, after having submitted to a surgical operation, was surprised to learn that a fish bone an inch and a half long had been causing all the trouble. As near as can be learnt, the bone entered the man's system one evening while he was eating some bluefish. Since then the bone has been performing all sorts of gymnastics in his digestive apparatus, much to his physical and mental discomfort. The bone began to assert its presence in the man's stomach shortly after the meal. The following day the pain so increased that a doctor was sought, and he, after watching his patient for a day or two, decided to operate. The bone was found in the intestines, in a crosswise position, and one of its sharp points had pierced the inner lining of the bowels. The doctor estimates that the bone travelled more than 35 feet in its journey through the man's body.

Trade Profits.

Christmas cards, which are printed in Germany for an English art publisher at a cost of £20, are sold by him to the retailer for £50. This interesting fact came out in a King's Bench action recently.

Spreading Happiness.

"I have but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible." "Well," she replied, "you ought to be gratified, then, at what I heard a young lady say the other day." "What was that?" "She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."

A Railway Graveyard.

What is called a railway graveyard has been established by the New York Central railway at Rochester. Hundreds of cars, put out of service by wreck or condemnation, are torn apart and destroyed. The work requires not only physical strength, but mechanical training. The man must submit to the strain of hammering, pulling rivets and untwisting, which is imposed upon him, without complaint. It requires patience, skill, strength and activity to be a railway carriage undertaker.

Too Proud to Own Up.

A stylishly-dressed woman entered a restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare written in French, and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish to order." Could a woman in a sealskin coat confess that she could not read French? Taking the pencil she made a few dashes, and the order read: "'Dinner, 2s., 'November 20th,' 'vegetables,' 'please pay at the desk,' 'colory.'" The flonidish waiter brought her beefsteak and onions, and she did not dare to raise a word in protest.

He Didn't Like the Lawyer's Methods.

A lawyer brought a suit against a rich corporation for a man of good standing in the community. In the course of his argument he declared in a loud voice, for the purpose of gaining the sympathy of the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, who are the parties to this important litigation? Why, on the one side there is a powerful corporation, with an over-flowing treasury, and on the other side there is my poor, simple, uneducated client." "Did you win your suit?" inquired a friend of the plaintiff a few days after. "Yes," was the reply, "I won my suit; but I shall never employ that lawyer again. He called me a fool, and the jury believed it."

Life of an Italian Signalman.

A signalman in Italy has a remarkably easy time of it in comparison with his British brethren. This is, of course, partly due to the greater leisureness of railway traffic in the Peninsula, but is partly also the outcome of the conditions under which he is required or permitted to ply his calling. He is always married—if he were a bachelor he would not be employed—and his little cabin beside the railway is also his home. He is free during the daytime, at least, to engage in any other occupation he may desire; when a train passes his wife puts on his hat—an official covering—and goes out to give the necessary signal with the flag. The wages amount to about one and threepence a day.

The Ravages of Pigeons.

A year ago last spring a small flock of wild pigeons went to eastern Maine, U.S.A., and in the course of a few weeks took up their homes with the doves in the abandoned ice-houses, the two species inter-marrying and dwelling in concord, as if there had never been any race war among birds. The offspring of this union was a long, slim bird, built on the model of the wild pigeon, although the colouring of the doves was retained in nearly every instance. They all flew away south for the winter, and last spring the thoroughbreds and half-breeds returned to their old haunts together and at once went to work rearing new families. The result has been that no farmer in the district has been able to harvest any buckwheat or peas during the season just closed, while the crop of corn and oats has been cut down fully fifty per cent. from the average yield. The number of half-breeds that have been hatched during the summer is so great that truthful men hesitate to make an estimate, some saying a round half million, and others believing that from 100,000 to 150,000 will come nearer the mark.

Sleeping in Spectacles.

Some people wear their eyeglasses or spectacles to bed, for the simple reason that they cannot sleep without them on. At least, that's what an optician says, and he ought to know, for confessions were recently made him upon the point. A woman had repeatedly come to him with the bows of her spectacles so badly twisted that he asked her how she ever managed to get them in such a state. The woman said that she had been wearing glasses so much of recent years that finally she had taken to wearing them to bed as the only way of getting to sleep. She said that it was only within the past few weeks that she had had any trouble from the custom, as she ordinarily managed to keep the front part of her face off the pillow, but lately her sleep must have been rather uneasy. Of his customers he has two who have been addicted to this habit of wearing glasses to bed, both for the same reasons. Speaking of unusual cases in the wearing of glasses, the optician said that some of those who undertook to wear glasses when bathing had special frames made for the purpose, some that had a tighter grip, and others having them made with nickel frames.

Attempted Murder by Telephone.

An attempt to commit murder by telephone is reported from Mascara, in Algeria, the telephone wire having been connected on the high road with the electric light wire on which a current of 10,000 volts was in almost constant use.

What the Baby Needed.

"Papa," said Tommy, "little brother is a week of to-morrow, isn't he?" "Yes." "Let's you and me give him a birthday present." "Very well. What shall it be?" "Let's buy him a wig. He needs that more than anything."

A Dog Worth Money.

"Talking about dogs," said the thin man at the Aquarium, "I was showing to a friend the good points of my dog and threw half-a-crown into the river. Obediently the dog dived for the coin and brought up a two-pound trout and fourpence in change."

Where was He?

It is called St. John's Church, and possibly the inference drawn from that fact is natural. The boy had been there frequently, and as a result the rector's face had become tolerably familiar to him. One Sunday, however, a visiting clergyman occupied the pulpit, and the boy was naturally troubled. "Mamma," he said, in a very audible whisper, "what's become of St. John?"

Poaching by Motor.

A new way of poaching has been hit upon in France. The poachers do not trespass, but draw the birds from the preserves to the high road. They there set up on a swift motor-car, which one gang now owns, an acetylene lamp with a net so arranged that it can be easily made to close round it. The birds are attracted by the brilliant light. When they get close to the lamp the net is drawn and they are caught. As soon as the poachers have a good bag they drive off as fast as they can.

Costly Diet.

The Deutsche Reichsbank at Berlin was recently visited by a Landsberg merchant, who came to obtain payment of some mutilated ten-mark notes. He explained that he had inadvertently locked his little dog in his safe, and owing to his sudden departure on a journey the dog remained in his prison for eight days. On the merchant's return he found that the animal before succumbing to the pangs of hunger had endeavoured to sustain life by tearing up the bank notes. The merchant recovered the value of such notes, the numbers of which could be deciphered.

He had Tried it Before.

A certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law, was compelled not long ago to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all the elementary text-books and quoted the fundamental propositions of law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't we assume that the court knows a little law itself?" he said, blandly. "That's just the mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

An English Invasion of the U.S.

It is becoming more and more common in Philadelphia to give to words their English rather than their American pronunciation. When, some ten years ago, Professor Lamberton, coming to the University of Pennsylvania to teach Greek, pronounced "clerk" as though it were spelled "clark," people looked at one another and smiled, but now-a-days the pronunciation is not uncommon. It is quite usual, too, to hear "Borkley" pronounced in the English manner "Barkley," and "Derby," "Darby," while the ultra-English are trying, with good promise of success, to make the prevailing pronunciation of patent "paytent," as it is in London.

Trades Bad for the Teeth.

Quicksilver miners follow the most unhealthy trade in the world. The fumes of the mercury produce constant salivation, and the system becomes permeated with the metal; the teeth of the unfortunate men drop out, they lose their appetite, become emaciated, and, as a rule, seldom live longer than two years. Chloride of lime, employed by bleachers, frequently destroys the enamel and dentine of the teeth. But phosphorus, used so largely in the manufacture of lucifer matches, affects a very large number of persons, women, girls, and children greatly preponderating. People who work in soda factories are affected by the teeth becoming soft and translucent; they break off close to the gums. Dr. Hesse, of Leipzig, states that bakers are liable to suffer from carious teeth on account of the flour entering the mouth during work, collecting on and around the teeth, where it decomposes and generates an acid destructive to the dentine.

Bad Letter Writers.

How few of us are able to write the simplest letter correctly! Probably not one person in a hundred pens a letter that is quite devoid of grammatical mistakes. It is curious to note the awkward insincerity of people when they sit down to write letters. Men are no less offenders than women. It is quite common to receive even from women of the highest education, a letter with four close pages without a single stop or initial capital. This same woman will make reckless appointments on undecipherable post-cards or will send you an ungrammatical invitation on a flaring paper, two words to the pages. How then, you would ask, are these people to be educated up to writing a good letter? There is only one solution. They must carefully study some "letter-writer." The best one is "How Shall I Word It," which is written by "One of the Aristocracy," and costs one shilling. It contains forty examples of letters dealing with "invitations," forty dealing with the great and intricate subject of servants, fifty dealing with "Love and Marriage," besides a large number of business letters.

Questions worth answering

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

A TARDY FROST THAT LOST A PRESIDENT.

Did a President of the United States ever Owe his Election to the Absence of a Frost? (5838.)

This actually happened during the contest for Presidential honours between Jefferson and Adams in the year 1800. It was the State of Carolina that turned the election. North Carolina was solid for Jefferson, South Carolina equally solid for Adams. The usual winter frost had not set in, and the South Carolinian delegates refused to run the risk of a journey of 140 miles through the fever-haunted, swampy country, in order to register their votes. This lost Adams twelve certain votes and the election; if it had not been for the exceptionally mild season, the swamps would have been frozen over and the delegates would have made the journey, and probably turned the election. This result might have had a very far-reaching effect on the policy of the United States, as the opinions of Adams and Jefferson were diametrically opposed.

OUR ONLY DODO.

Was a Live Dodo ever Exhibited in England? (5841.)

There is definite evidence to prove that this now extinct bird was exhibited in London in the year 1638—that is to say, about fifty years before the last is supposed to have been killed. Sir Hamon L'Estrange has put it on record that he saw the bird in a natural history show, probably a menagerie. In his description of it he tells us it was unable to fly, "being too big," and that its keeper gave it pebbles, some as big as nutmegs, which it ate in his sight. This is not unlikely, as it is known that many birds swallow stones and gravel to aid their digestion.

This particular bird, after being stuffed, passed through two or three collections into the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Unhappily, it was allowed to get into a state of decay, and was ordered to be destroyed, only the skull and one of the feet being preserved. There is a painting in the British Museum of a dodo painted from life in Holland. The bird had been imported from Mauritius. This is believed to be the last picture that ever was painted from the living bird, which disappeared from Mauritius about 1690.

THE "NOTE" OF A CHURCH BELL.

Is it Possible to Say that any Particular Note is the "True Note" of a Church Bell? (5842.)

No. It is well known to physicists that bells vibrate in segments, which are never less than four in number. Each of these segments has its own time of vibration, which is approximately the same as that of the other segments, but is never quite the same in church bells, owing to the fact that they are never absolutely symmetrical. In large bells, which are vibrating in four segments, the notes emitted by each are sometimes so different that they produce such a rapid rippling of the sound that it is almost painful to listen to them.

If each of the four segments produced absolutely the same note, then this might be called the "true note" of the bell, but in addition there would always be present overtones and harmonics. That a bell vibrates in segments can be excellently shown by putting water in a bell glass, and bowing its edge. The surface of the water will immediately be covered with ripples, one set of ripples proceeding from each of the vibrating segments. The number of segments can be altered by pressing two fingers at different distances apart on the edge of the glass.

QUESTIONS.

5871. Is there any part of modern Europe where people hibernate?
5872. In which country is the name to be borne by the sovereign settled by law?
5873. In which part of the world has annexation to a European Power meant retrograde laws with regard to both commerce and religion?
5874. Where do theatrical managers sell tickets for each separate act?
5875. Is there any danger in the future of the coloured races of mankind combining against the white?
5876. When was the custom of apprenticeship to a trade instituted?
5877. What is the constitutional meaning of the phrase "The King never dies"?
5878. Can it be proved that any plants are capable of mental operations?
5879. In which European country is there respectively the least and the greatest amount of class distinction?
5880. Is it a fact that fishes are, as a rule, attracted, and animals repelled by light?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £3 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

THE SCENT OF THE NEW-MOWN HAY.
What Occasions the Peculiar Smell of New-mown Hay? (5839.)
New hay has a peculiar smell, which is not perceptible while the grass is growing, because this smell proceeds from the whole herbage, and seems to escape from the orifices of its containing cells only when the surrounding vessels, by growing less turbid after cutting, withdraw their pressure from such orifices. When this scent of new hay is concentrated it resembles the flavour of bitter almonds.

THE FIRST HEBREW MAYOR.
Who was the First Jewish Lord Mayor of London? (5843.)
Sir David Salomons, Lord Mayor in 1855-6, whose father had been long resident in London and engaged in commerce there. Sir David was instrumental in making history, for about him more than one political contest was waged. Elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1835, an "enabling" Act of Parliament had to be passed before he was allowed to hold that office. In 1838 he became a Justice of the Peace for Kent, the first Jewish magistrate. More than once was his election as an Alderman of the City of London annulled because of his refusal to take the oath "on the faith of a Christian."

Aspiring to Parliamentary honours, after three rejections at the poll, he was chosen one of the Liberal M.P.'s for Greenwich in 1851. Appearing in due course in the House of Commons, he not only spoke, but gave three votes, thus incurring a penalty and leading to protracted legal proceedings before the Court of Exchequer. During these proceedings it was that he became Lord Mayor. After seven years' wrangling the way to Parliament was opened, and he was re-elected for Greenwich in 1859 and 1865. Since his time there have been three other Hebrew Lord Mayors of London, viz., Sir Benjamin Phillips, 1865-6; Sir H. Isaacs, 1869-90; and Sir G. Faudel Phillips, 1896-7.

THE FIRST ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.
When was the First Alliance Concluded between France and England? (5845.)

It is almost impossible to give a definite answer to the question as to which was the first regular Anglo-French alliance. For instance, it is quite certain that even in early Saxon times there must have been commercial and other arrangements between the two countries or portions of them which might fairly be called alliances. For instance, it is practically certain that Alfred the Great made an alliance with France for the protection of his over-sea commerce, and it is certain that Louis, surnamed D'Outremer, allied himself with his uncle Athelstone of England in 939. This was a regular offensive and defensive alliance against Otho of Germany and certain of the more turbulent French nobles, and in accordance with it an English fleet sailed to the Rhine in support of Louis.

There was a sort of alliance in 1187 between Henry II. of England and Phillip of France to allow them to join in an abortive Crusade which they never entered upon; in fact the two countries were at war again within a few weeks. Henry III. entered into a formal alliance with Phillip II. of France at Kingston-on-Thames. Phillip was represented by the Dauphin Louis, who had invaded England and was defeated at Lincoln by Pembroke. This was a regular treaty by which the French agreed to withdraw from England, and Henry engaged to redress certain of the grievances of the barons.

UNEQUAL NAIL GROWTH.
Do the Nails of One Hand Grow Faster than those of the Other? (5848.)

Observation has shown, as reported in the JOURNAL DE L'INSTITUT DE FRANCE, No. 846, that the increase of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than those of the left; moreover, it differs for the different fingers, and, in order, corresponds with the length of the finger; consequently the growth is fastest in the middle finger, nearly equal in the two on either side of this, slower in the little finger, and slowest in the thumb. The growth of all the nails on the left hand requires eighty-two days more than those on the right. The increase goes on faster in summer than in winter, so that the same nail which is renewed in 132 days in winter requires only 116 days in summer. The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults, and slowest in the aged.

THERE isn't any such thing as second love. When a man is in love for the second time he is sure that he has never loved before.

REGULAR CALLER: "I'd like to see your father, Tommy, if he isn't engaged."

Tommy: "He is; but what's the matter with Clara? She isn't engaged."

"WHEELER seems to be mad on that new doctor of his."

"Yes, he's up to date. When Wheeler was ill in bed the doctor said, 'Oh, we'll have you on your pedals again in a few days.'"

MR. HARDUP: "Look here! you've made a mistake with my washing. You sent home four or five old handkerchiefs that don't belong to me, and nothing else."

Washerwoman: "They ain't handkerchiefs; that's your last shirt, sor."

WHY THE SPRING-BOK SPRINGS.

Which Animal always Leaps over a Human Track? (5846.)

This is a peculiarity of one of the most beautiful of South African antelopes, the spring-bok. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvellously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognise man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the spring-bok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions, or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The spring-bok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the look-out for the scent of enemies.

THE EAGLE OF ST. JOHN.

Why are Lecterns in Churches nearly always Eagle-shaped? (5849.)

The reason for this is to be sought in the remote days when our primitive ancestors were accustomed to associate special properties and dignities with certain animals and birds. As they progressed in intelligence, and their conceptions became wider, the animals and birds became merely symbols instead of objects of worship. Thus, for instance, the lion became the symbol of Asshur, the great god of Assyria; Oannes, the god of rivers, was depicted as a fish; among the Greeks the owl, an emblem of wisdom, was associated with Minerva, goddess of learning. The Egyptians used the serpent to typify the Nile; and both among the Greeks and Romans the eagle, the royal bird, lord of the realms of air, became the symbol of Zeus and Jupiter.

Among the many Pagan emblems which were incorporated into early Christian ritual, the eagle was the most important, and became the symbol of St. John, the greatest of the Evangelists. This is probably why the desk or lectern from which the Gospels were read took this form, which had the merit of being at once convenient and imposing. When the Church had once given its sanction to this form, it is only reasonable to suppose that it would continue to use it.

EARTH'S RICHEST LIFE-REGION.

In what Part of the World do we Find the Most Varied Fauna and Flora? (5850.)

Taking into consideration both variety and peculiarity as regards the forms of life, the tropical region (including South America, Central America, West Indies, and Mexico) is undoubtedly the most remarkable of the great divisions of the land recognised by zoologists and botanists. Of ordinary terrestrial quadrupeds (mammals) thirty-seven families are represented, of which no fewer than eight are absolutely peculiar. Of birds no fewer than seventy-three families are represented, twenty-three of them peculiar, these including over 400 sorts of humming-bird, the brilliantly coloured macaws and toucans, and the South American ostriches. There are thirty-five families of reptiles six peculiar, those limited to the region being all of the lizard kind. Huge snakes are characteristic, the boa constrictor and the even larger anaconda (the largest known species) being found nowhere else. Frogs and toads are represented by sixteen families (four peculiar), and freshwater fishes by fourteen families (four peculiar).

The most remarkable fishes are the electric eel, which is said to stun even wild horses by its shocks, and a singular mud-fish, which breathes by both gills and lungs. As regards both butterflies and land-shells, this region is unsurpassed. The thirteen families of butterflies (four peculiar) embrace the most gorgeous forms in existence, only rivalled by Malay species. Turning to the vegetable world, nothing can surpass the virgin forests of South America as regards luxuriance and variety. Innumerable orchids grow among the trees, one of which is the source of vanilla. Palms have their headquarters here, and, of commercially valuable plants, mahogany, rosewood, logwood, Peruvian bark trees, cayenne pepper, tobacco, potato, Indian corn and tomato, are all indigenous to this part of the globe.

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized £1,000,000 | Income, 1900 £378,492
Capital Subscribed £271,405 | Reserves Dec. 31st, 1900 £921,477
Funds, 31st Dec., 1900 (excluding Unclaimed Capital), £1,164,500
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Fidelity Guarantees. Burglary Insurance.
The Bonds of this Corporation Third Party Indemnities.
are accepted by all Departments Mortgage Insurance.
of H.M. Government. Excess Bad Debt Insurance.
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HEAD OFFICE: 38 to 44 MOORCOTE ST., LONDON E.C. General Manager and Secretary.

The current number of HOME NOTES tells you how to be well-dressed. It is well worth reading.



ONE would naturally suppose the Association game, at any rate, would be clear of the inventive crank, who delights in achieving the impossible—on paper. Yet, if the average club manager were not a very matter-of-fact personage, as well as terribly busy, he would find much of his time taken up, and, possibly, some of his money frittered away, too, in dealings with the genius with so-called patent methods of playing the game, each guaranteed to insure the League championship and the English Cup to the club in possession of its intricacies.

At one time it was a common thing to see advertisements of this kind of thing. These are samples:

ADVERTISER will supply a new method of play for Association game guaranteed to produce goals and keep opponents from scoring.—Terms on application, &c.

NEW plan of playing Association game. Insures success.—Address, &c.

WILL initiate Association team. New tactics insuring advantage over better men.—Address, &c.

The first two are of early date, when the League was being thought of. The last appeared only the other day in a prominent athletic paper. Whether it caught anybody is a matter of doubt.

Far oftener, however, our genius worked his way, with patience and ingenuity worthy of a better cause, into the sanctum of the busiest of managers; not even the terrors of a stout pair of boots lustily plied sufficed to hold him in check.

One individual made considerable headway, until the practical test came, with a system based on vocal signals, on the plan once or twice followed during the Yale v. Harvard games in the United States.

A CODE OF DIAGRAMS.

A signaller had to be posted on a certain part of the grand stand, had to take in the whole game, make his calls as the play developed, and thus tell the players precisely what to do at every juncture.

The fact that only a memory expert could have recalled the signals, even had they been distinguishable from the usual calls to "play up," and that the man howling them forth would most assuredly have been ejected as a lunatic, was regarded as only a minor detail—that is, by the inventor; but he failed to get the clubs to take it up.

Another wanted a modest ten-pound note for a series of diagrams, each of which consisted of a fearful and wonderful set of lines distinguished by different letters.

The ball had to be started by "A," by being passed to a certain part of the field "clear of opponents." "B" was to dart to that point, receive the ball, and pass it to "C," who would give it to "D."

When "D" got it he had to perform certain gyrations and pass to "E" who would either shoot through or give it to "C" to perform this little operation for him.

What the other fellows were to do whilst all this was going on we were left to imagine; whilst the query as to what would happen if two clubs bought the same system, called forth the naive reply that there would be "a separate set of diagrams for each!"

So that as each set was guaranteed to "work the ball clear of all opposition," we should have had the spectacle of each side keeping clear of the other, just as would be the case at draughts, if the players insisted on playing one on the white and the other on the black squares.

"SHOCKING" THE OPPONENTS.

The peculiarity of the method of one man, who would scarcely have been called a crank, so calmly certain was he about all that he did, was that he took advantage of the penalties of the game.

"Offside" had to be worked at all points. It was brought in for defence in free kicks close to goal, all the defenders clearing out but the goalkeeper, who was to stand within six yards of the kicker. It was argued that as there was nobody to back up the man taking the kick he could not score, because if he put the ball wide of the goalkeeper, and it passed through it would not be a goal, and if it touched him he would easily save.

He even suggested that in certain cases the goalkeeper too should leave the goal, and "then it would be impossible to score!"

Curiously enough, this latter device was recently reported to Mr. J. Lewis, the referee, as having been tried. Whether the people who had recourse to it—it was said to have been "in a League game"—had bought the inventor's scheme, or pirated it, we do not know.

Mr. Lewis gave an easy method of beating it by putting the ball gently in front, followed by a rush of the attacking side.

But he was forestalled, for an old Lancashire player had already shown how the attacking side could score by making the ball cannon either off a friend or a foe.

A more confidently innocent system was that by which at practice the men were made to dribble the ball round a certain number of posts and then shoot through others, without touching them.

The members of a Midland team managed this thing admirably—in practice; but, as they explained when they came back beaten, "the other team wouldn't let them do the dribbling business, and always took care to stop shots which would certainly have passed between the marking posts."

Another inventor's recipe was semi-dietetic—an admixture of porridge, kola nuts, and raisins, followed by some fearful compound. The trainer of a Lancashire club tried it and mildly suggested that if the compounder of the stuff desired a rapid means of exit from things mundane, he had better be present when the players had to take their doses. He was brave, was that inventor. He drank some of his own concoction. But he did not take up the challenge.

A crank with an electrical turn of mind suggested to one club that they should provide accumulator batteries for their players, so that when charged, the opposing men would receive a powerful shock, the idea being that as they could not be charged they would win. How the men were to get along with the added weight, or how the shocks were to be applied was not explained; but the idea of a player running along with the ball, whilst those who tried to charge him off were sent squirming to the ground, was decidedly good. The South Africans, who played here two seasons back, would have made a fortune out of the scheme.

Some clubs have tried the idea of placing certain marks on the boards flanking the playing pitch, so that the wing men might know when to "centre" without taking their eyes off the ball; but the opposing side soon tumbled to the game, and made such good use of the marks that they were allowed to fall into desuetude.

The idea of playing in some specific formation was also seriously mooted as the result of the American college games, in which the ball is often literally rushed by main force from one goal to the other; but the only team which showed any inclination to try it died from want of funds.

Whilst they lived they only added defeat to defeat, whilst they persisted in the "formation" plan. Their opponents rarely gave them a chance to "form up," and when the opportunity was supposed to have come, the ball was generally found to have gone towards, or through, their own goal!

THE LADY LECTURER.

Her thought and talk were not of dress,
She cared not much for diamond rings;
Her mind was broad, I must confess,
It had a grip of mundane things.
(So had her feet!)

What, though the duties of a wife
And mother fell not to her share,
She, in her strenuous, busy life
Oft felt she had a cross to bear.
(So had her eyes!)

The truth she held in high regard,
She never could equivocate;
Her facts were cold and dry and hard,
Her talk was absolutely straight.
(So was her waist!)

She seldom saw the brighter side,
Ignoring things in lighter vein;
Her voice on passion's stormy tide
Oft leapt in fierce, pathetic pain.
(So did her corns!)

THE man in the right often gets left in this world.

WHAT lovers swear—To be true until death. What husbands swear—Unfit for publication.

HAS anyone ever noticed in playing cards that a good deal depends on a good deal?

AGNES: "Does he talk sensibly?"
Ethel: "Not at all. He is simply delightful."

"MAN wants but little here below"
Is out of date, though sung by sages;
Just through your morning paper go,
And read the advertising pages.

ROBERT: "Have you ever loved before?"
Rose: "No, dearie, I have often admired men for their strength, courage, beauty, intelligence, or something like that; but with you, Bobbie, it is all love—nothing else!"

ETIQUETTE ON THE HONEYMOON.

Some Useful Hints for those About to be Married.

OF course it is not possible or desirable to write a set of rules that will hold good in all cases. No hard and fast list of things that may be done and things that may not be done by everyone when on the honeymoon has ever been put into print with benefit to mankind, for the simple and sufficient reason that to do so were but to court ridicule. At the same time it is possible, and it may be profitable, if a few hints and a little kindly counsel are jotted down with a view to the welfare and the comfort of those who leave home and friends in the company of one with whom the rest of one's days are to be spent.

When the bride is of a nervous or sensitive nature, the bridegroom, in all cases where the expense is not more than can be comfortably met, should engage a railway compartment for his and his bride's sole use. When the journey is a long one and a change of trains is necessary somewhere about midway, the first stage only may be made in a reserved carriage, for it is not likely that when at a distance from home either of the pair will enter a compartment where friends or acquaintances will be found.

While the first part of the journey is being made, it is just as well to seek for any stray bits of rice or pieces of confetti.

On arrival at the hotel or private apartments, the groom should do all in his power to prevent the smallest approach to any further and unnecessary fatigue being thrust upon the bride. He should not suggest an evening at the play or at a concert, unless he has indisputable grounds for knowing that such a plan would be preferable to a more restful method of spending the time. It should not be forgotten that the bride is, as a rule, more likely to feel the strain and the excitement of a wedding day than is a man. How many married women have in their later years confided to their husbands the disappointment they experienced on being asked to go here and there on the evening of the wedding day. To be sure, the poor man thought he was adding pleasure to the trip, or he would not have suggested it, and to be sure the wife imagined that in falling in with what was suggested she was but beginning to "obey."

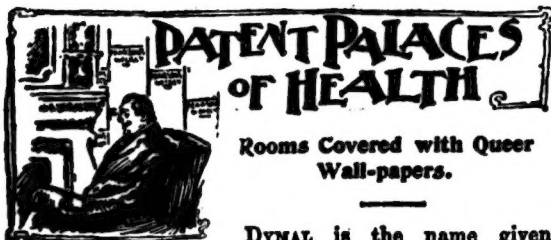
Nowadays, the honeymoon is vastly different from what it was fifty or even thirty years ago. Then it was the custom of the couple to spend almost the whole of the time alone together. They went for walks and drives all alone, happy in being able to exchange confidences long kept back. But modern days bring modern ways; the engaged young lady gets out with her fiancé a great deal more than in former times was thought prudent. The result of this is obvious; all the little secrets as to past flirtations, and even indiscretions, are told and retold to each other, and there is little or nothing for the man or the woman who is newly married to unfold.

A bridegroom should not be offended—as many are—if he finds his bride in tears on his sudden return from an hour or so spent away from her side. He should know better than to demand an explanation, just as he should assuredly know better than to fly into a rage and angrily ask whether he has not done all he can for her happiness. Let him realise that his bride has a tender heart that will, in spite of all, yearn for a parent from whom she is now to be separated for the first time in her life.

A bride should not begin during the honeymoon to draw up rules and regulations as to her husband's conduct. Some young wives are the main cause of a man's dissipation through beginning to be too strict too soon. It should be borne in mind that a man who has been used to freedom all his life, must, of necessity, find it difficult to throw off all his bachelor habits at once, albeit he has promised to do so.

It is a mistake for young couples to expect to find in themselves alone variety enough to spread over all the days of a fortnight or longer. Let them take up some outside topic rather than discuss each other's tastes through all the hours of all the days. Sensible discussions are sometimes barred during the honeymoon as being un-lover-like, or wanting in true sentiment. Such a course is sure to end in a mild weariness of each other's company. Talk all you can of other matters than your own likes and dislikes. Talk of the failings and follies of your relations rather than of your own, if you would wish to keep things going merrily. No matter how sweet you find it to tell of your own devotion in return for a similar confession from her or his lips, put off saying all that you have to say on this fascinating subject till another day.

Don't give all your fancy and all your imagination the go-by, just because you happen to have just married. It is one of the greatest mistakes in the world, and yet it is often done. Don't expect to change in everything for the better, just because you have heard you ought to. Keep in mind a little of the worldly wisdom gained in your long years of single blessedness. The wedding ring is not in many cases a fairy-lamp; you will find it quite necessary to take pains to be happy when married just as you did before-hand.



Rooms Covered with Queer
Wall-papers.

DYNAL is the name given by chemists to salicylate of didymium, a substance which is obtained from the waste of the manufacture of incandescent gas-light mantles. It has been proved to be a most hygienic compound, its effect being drying and antiseptic, which is probably the reason why it has been utilised as a distemper for the walls of one of the biggest West-end mansions now in course of erection.

The man whose money is paying for the building in question is a hygienic faddist, and in addition to having had the walls coated all over with an inch-thick plaster of this curious artificial earth, he has also had them papered with antiseptic wall-paper. That is to say, he has taken ordinary wall-paper, and had it specially prepared by soaking in a germicidal solution. It will be interesting to see whether he lives any longer in his new patent palace of health, than does the ordinary suburbanite in his twenty-pound-a-year "villa," and whose arsenically-coloured wall-papers are pasted not infrequently over a substratum of London clay which has been previously mixed with the refuse hair of anthrax-infested tanneries.

A famous author has his sanctum papered with the curt refusals of now subservient publishers. Madame Christine Nilsson has her bedroom, in her house at Madrid, papered with sheets of music from operas in which she has sung, and her dining-room with hotel bills she has collected during her tours.

WALLS PAPERED WITH TEXTS.

The writer knows of a pious spinster whose chamber is papered with texts; some of which, by the bye, are appalling enough to give an average individual the nightmare. The late Lord Tennyson had his study at Hindhead lined with an inch-thick "paper" made from cork, thereby completely excluding all sound. Living at Godalming, in Surrey, some few years back, was a miller, an ardent naturalist, who had utilised the gaily-coloured skins of innumerable birds as a covering for the bare whitewashed walls of his principal storeroom.

A million of postage stamps were recently converted into a wall-paper for an enthusiastic Berlin philatelist. And they were not ordinary five-hundred-a-shilling postage stamps either, for among them were sets of rare and valuable issues worth from £10 to £100 apiece. The gems of the collection, it is true, were covered over by tiny glass panels; but the others were unprotected, and, therefore, did duty for ordinary wall-paper. A professional London stamp-dealer—an expert in the detection of forgeries—had, until recently, his office papered entirely with bogus stamps of all nations. But the "very latest" in this particular line is the pictorial postcard, which obviously lends itself far more readily than do stamps to this species of mural decoration.

A well-known variety artiste's flat in Bloomsbury, is entirely "papered" after this fashion; and rumour has it that the queen of living French actresses is shortly going to astonish Paris by a new salon on the Boulevard Haussmann, the wall-space of which is to be monopolised by choice specimens of the more or less risqué cards, for the production of which her country has attained to a somewhat unenviable notoriety.

A LINING OF LOVE-LETTERS.

Nursery wall-papers cannot be called an entirely new fashion, but it is only within the last few years—since the Princess of Wales set the fashion, in fact—that the really beautiful and artistic productions one sees nowadays in most really smart and up-to-date West-end houses have been readily obtainable. Ordinary people, whose children have to play in nurseries papered after the usual fashion, would be surprised at the prices which have to be paid for some of these picture wall-papers, whereon are depicted scenes such as children, lovely fairies and princesses, enchanted palaces and castles, Red Riding-hood and the wolf, Jack the Giant-killer, and others. A room decorated after this fashion, is, of course, transformed into a veritable picture-paradise of delight for the youngsters—at a cost of anything between £20 and £200 sterling.

The originator of the scholastic wall-papers which had a fleeting vogue some few years back, is said to have been a well-known Lancashire clergyman, who had the bedroom appropriated to the use of his two young sons papered with Euclid's problems and theorems from the beginning of the first to the end of the fifth book. Poor little lads!

In the famous castle of Nuremberg is a room reputed to be "papered" with tanned human skin. The tradition which affirms this dates back to the fifteenth century, but experts who have carefully examined the material say that the greater portion of it, at all events, is the skin of some small species of quadruped, probably the chamois.

A chamber papered throughout—including the ceiling—with old love-letters exists in a house in North London. In Fulham lives an aged and penurious eccentric, who has had his bedroom walls covered with the summonses, dunning letters, and unpaid bills, received by him during his early days of wild living and too lavish expenditure. Unhonoured I.O.U.'s and "stumer" cheques take the place of wall-paper in the dining-room of a certain ex-"lookie," whose florid face and cheery laugh is certain to be seen and heard whenever a special bout at the National Sporting Club calls together the fraternity of the "fancy." They represent a face value of many thousands of pounds sterling.

But this is not a record, for near Greenville, Mississippi, is an old-time planter's mansion, every room of which is papered with Confederate "greenbacks." Once they passed current at their face value of about a quarter of a million dollars. But with the decline of the fortunes of the South in the great Civil War, the value of the notes also declined, and now they are worth nothing—save as curiosities and mementoes.

PAPERED WITH POEMS.

In Herefordshire lives an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Browning, who has had his smoking-room papered with selections from the poet's works. Sitting here, over a congenial weed, he recites the lines aloud to himself, and in this way he has acquired by heart the whole of "The Ring and the Book," "Pippa Passes," and "Paracelsus." In this, of course, he is merely aping George Stevens, the famous Shakespearean commentator, the walls of whose magnificent study were completely covered with extracts from the plays of the "Bard of Avon." In the Vatican, also, there is a room similarly treated, the verses—in Latin—being engrossed on vellum and beautifully illuminated in blue, crimson and gold. The effect is said to be exceedingly gorgeous and striking.

A Kensington lady—one of the leaders of London Society—has had her boudoir "papered" with thirteenth-century block-printed silk, of exquisite design, made in Sicily. The apartment is by no means a large one, yet it cost some three thousand pounds to cover the whole of the walls. In the same house the dining-room walls are lined with sixteenth-century stamped leather, which has been covered with silver leaf, and then varnished with a transparent yellow lacquer, making the silver look like gold. The effect, when at night the table is set and the room flooded with light, can be more easily imagined than described.

HOW FAST DREAMS ARE DREAMED.

How long does a dream last? To the dreamer they sometimes seem to endure for hours, and the general impression is that they continue for minutes at least, while the fact is that the longest dream appears to be confined within a solitary second, even though the events of it may impress the dreamer for days.

Some physicians were discussing the matter a day or two ago, when one of them related a strange experience.

"One afternoon," he said, "I called to see a patient, and much to my satisfaction I found him sleeping soundly. I sat by his bed, felt his pulse without disturbing him, and waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a cart, with discordant ringing bells, turned into the street, and as their first tones reached us, my patient opened his eyes.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke me, for I have been tortured by a most distressing dream, that must have lasted for several hours. I dreamt that I was ill, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horribly sounding sleigh bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't power to move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what appeared to be an interminable time. I'm so glad you awoke me.'

"The ringing of those bells for one second had caused all of that dream, and just at the waking moment."

TED: "What makes you think it's easier to win her now?"

Ned: "Her younger sister has just become engaged."

DOMESTIC: "What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house."

Mrs. Youngwife: "Dear, dear! That is too bad. I suppose we had better have toast."

"No," said the Society reporter, "it is not so hard to get descriptions of the costumes. The hard part is to write the descriptions so that each lady will consider herself the best-dressed woman present."

So tenderly he loved her! If she would plight her troth, he said, he would go forth and battle with the cruel world, and when his fortune was made he would come and lay it at her feet. He would work—oh, how he would work, if—she would but wait! But she would not wait.

"B—but, Charley," she said bashfully, "I will marry you now and then you will have to work!"

A DAY IN TOWN WITH LORD TOOTLE.

By his Private Secretary.

I BREAKFAST alone at half-past eight every morning when on duty in town. At nine o'clock I go to the library and open his lordship's letters. I open them all with the exception of a few that are marked "private" or "personal," and that have, in addition to one of these words, the initials of the senders on the bottom left-hand corner of the envelopes.

Many of the letters marked "private" and without any initials, are merely begging letters or communications from individuals interested in furthering the worldly chances of young and middle-aged men, who have not brains enough to succeed on the strength of their own unaided endeavours.

Many of the letters I am able to reply to without any instructions. This is my third year with Lord Tootle, and I am able to anticipate his wishes with regard to many of the foolish and useless suggestions made to him by the vast army of "spongers," who are the pest of all wealthy men whose names happen to be well known. When I have the smallest doubt as to my master's decision, I either write the answer and hold it over for his approval, or else I put the query into the basket in which are kept the letters requiring his personal attention.

About ten o'clock his lordship joins me in the library, and we "run through" the letters and other communications together. Sometime Lord Tootle will himself write two or three letters, at other times he will dictate several replies to me. When there is a letter from a public body relating to some public function or other, or when there is an invitation to a house-party from some distinguished man or woman, a brief acknowledgment is often sent, and further consideration is given before any definite promise is made one way or the other.

Sometimes letters arrive which it is necessary to submit to his lordship's solicitors or bankers before any answer is made. At other times letters of urgency calling for a reply by telegram are received. Taking one day with another, a female typist and I are kept busy two hours every morning with the contents of his lordship's postal bag. Lord Tootle himself, however, manages to escape with half-an-hour daily.

Occasionally I accompany his lordship to Tattersall's. We leave the neighbourhood of Lennox Gardens at twelve o'clock noon. Sometimes we walk, if the weather is fine. At other times we go in a hired hansom. If Tattersall's is only one of a number of calls we go in the brougham. On arrival at Tattersall's I hover about, always keeping my patron in sight. If he chats with a few friends his visit may occupy over an hour, though if no friends are about, and if there are no animals which call for special interest or attention, the visit may not exceed twenty minutes. When a horse or horses of Lord Tootle's appear in the catalogue, or when a purchase is contemplated, we sometimes spend a couple of hours there, and my letter-writing services are called into use.

From Tattersall's we often drive to the City. In Threadneedle Street there is an office at which his lordship transacts business of a financial nature. On the way back, as we drive through the traffic, I am sometimes kept busy making notes, from dictation, as to the deals made in stock, or as to projects for consideration. When his lordship has made a promise to pay an afternoon call on any friend or acquaintance, and afterwards finds that he cannot do so, either for want of time or for diplomatic reasons, I go as the bearer of an apology.

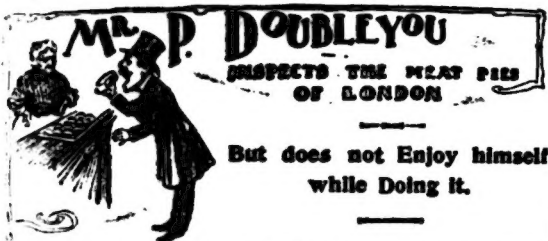
It may be that the friend is a lady, and in that case I convey his lordship's card on which he has written some such message as this: "My secretary has called to express regret." I am usually seen by those on whom I call, and I have then to explain that Lord Tootle has unexpectedly been summoned out of town, or that he has been obliged to go to see his dentist, or that he is indisposed.

It should be remembered that a man in Lord Tootle's position has often to make arrangements respecting his movements months previous to the dates involved, and it follows that many plans made under such circumstances must fall through. A wedding will be suddenly announced which he is obliged to attend, or a relative may be taken ill, or the funeral of an old household servant may dislocate his ordinary programme.

Most men of Lord Tootle's tastes and position, when in town, usually spend some time every day at their favourite club. The late afternoon is frequently the period so spent. At the club they see all the papers and hear all the gossip and rumours. Old friends are to be met with, and shooting and hunting engagements are fixed up. When men go to their clubs, however, they do not always spend the time in reading and talking and smoking. For instance, when Lord Tootle goes to his club he has at least an hour's nap!

Dinner at home in town is served at eight, though it is altered to seven-thirty when a visit to the play is to follow. When his lordship dines out dinner is served at the different houses and hotels at all times from seven to nine. When it is the latter hour it is usually one or two o'clock in the morning before there is any thought of bed.

If any girl wants to know "How to Win a Man's Love," she should secure a copy of this week's HOME NOTES.



"You have doubtless read the case in the newspapers," said the Editor, as I stood waiting his orders. "It is rather a curious one. It seems that a gentleman on eating a meat-pie in a City restaurant was the other day rudely brought to a cessation of mouth movement by his teeth crashing into a coat button. Two of his artificial teeth were broken, and the 'plate' on which the teeth were fixed was badly damaged. He claimed compensation against the proprietor of the restaurant and has been awarded five pounds."

"Yes," I answered, "I noticed the case, and I thought that the restaurant man got off very lightly. Had I been the customer the fellow would have had to multiply the damages by ten, or I would have lost a week's work in standing in front of his shop acquainting the public generally of the absolute unreliability of his so-called meat."

"Well," interrupted the Editor, paying small regard to my views on the subject, "I am having a large marquee erected, and I am sending out some hundreds of letters inviting the meat-pie makers of the metropolis to kindly forward samples of their art. These samples will bear the full name and address of the different manufacturers, and they will all be carefully arranged on long tables in the marquee. You will then be given a whole week, during which you will eat the pies and report upon them."

I TRY TO GET OUT OF THE JOB.

My hands trembled and my knees suddenly played me false. As I took a seat I gasped out:

"Really, sir, I must ask you to depute this terrible task to another and an abler man than I. You must see that I of all persons on your big staff ought to be the last to undertake this job, for I am a martyr to dyspepsia. My doctor has forbidden me to look at a meat-pie, and if I disobey, I am afraid the consequences may prove fatal. Besides I have no artificial teeth, and, if I break my own, the lady I hope to make my wife will kill the man who is the cause of the damage. She loves me partly for my teeth, for she told me—"

"You have no right to be dyspeptic, sir," interrupted the Editor. "Did I not send you on a yachting cruise lately? Do you imagine I can afford to indulge you so expensively, if I may not rely on you to come up to the scratch on a mere meat-pie examination!"

"Well, then," I urged, "please do not collect the pies. Do let me have just a little walking exercise in between the various items of research. If you will allow me to walk all round London, going into the shops and restaurants and buffets, and getting the meat-pies one or even two at a time, I will do my duty faithfully. Really, I can't eat pies in a marquee. The idea is too nearly akin to a menagerie."

"We shall have the public coming in to see the animal feed, you think?" said the Editor. "All right, you shall have your own way—only, get out!"

I set forth on my commission. Having walked from Henrietta Street to Hammersmith, a distance of three miles, I felt that two small meat-pies, at twopence each, and a glass of soda and milk, would prove but a trifling task. Accordingly, I entered a clean-looking shop presided over by a mild-mannered matron.

MY FIRST SHOPKEEPER FEELS INSULTED.

Believe me, I was cautious in biting into those two meat-pies. I did not chop my teeth into them, so to speak. That would have been folly. I just let my teeth feel their way quietly through the crust and its contents, until I knew that the upper and the lower set had safely met in the moist middle. The mild-mannered proprietress watched me suspiciously.

"I hope you ain't troubled with the toothache?" she said kindly.

"Oh, no, thanks," I replied cheerfully, "but one can't be too careful when eating meat-pies."

"What do you mean, pray?" she asked, all her mildness of demeanour passing hastily away. "If you can't be comfortable when you are eating my pies, you had better leave 'em alone. There's nothing about them to cause you any uneasiness, I'll warrant. What did you order 'em for if you don't fancy 'em? That's what I'd like to know!"

"My good woman, I only wish to—"

"Please don't go good woman me. Eat the pies or leave 'em. Don't go playing with 'em as if you was a-eating of hot potatoes. I sell two hundred a week of them pies, and have done for some years, and if there's anything wrong with 'em, it would have come out before now."

"Your pies are excellent, madam," I said, surreptitiously pushing half of one into my pocket handkerchief. "I will recommend them to all my friends. I was only careful after reading of that poor man breaking his teeth on a button found in a pie in the City," I explained.

"That was just his luck, that was; he happened to get that pie, which was one of some millions, I'll be bound."

From Hammersmith I made my way—still on foot—to Bayswater. My luncheon hour proper was approaching, and I determined to tackle a fourpenny pie or two this time. I looked about in all directions, and I entered one or two rather imposing restaurants. But I found that meat-pies of the ordinary description are not on sale in the more imposing places; they seem to deal only in *pâtés*, or other light edibles of a character far removed from the pork-pie that I have learnt to know so well by sight.

I therefore entered a Queen's Road establishment, where the display in the window led me to suppose that home-made lemonade and cakes, half-covered with chocolate substance, were the chief commodities in stock. I found, however, that they kept pork pies, beef pies, veal and ham pies, chicken and ham pies, and sausage rolls. The list was long enough, but at the same time, it brought back to my mind that marquee idea of the Editor's. I surmounted the difficulty by blandly asking the Italian behind the counter which he recommended.

He said, "Me recommend? Vell, I would recommend them all. It is ver' goot they all are. Try vich you vill; they are the best on the market, and I could vish to see no better, no matter vere I go to look for them. Vich shall I get, sare?"

I ordered a fourpenny pork pie, and a twopenny chicken and ham pie, and as I munched away at the former, I fed the swarthy Italian's cat on the piece of pie that I carried from Hammersmith. I found the pork pie rather hard in places, though, like the egg eaten by the curate in London lodgings, it was excellent in parts. The chicken and ham pie tasted to me so exactly like the pork pie, that I left the shop convinced I had either had two pork pies, or two chicken and ham pies, though the Italian declared I was mistaken in so thinking.

THE PADDINGTON PIES HAVE A "BLOOM."

From Bayswater I took an omnibus to Paddington. There I had a quarter of an hour in a pastry-cook's in Praed Street. I found the meat-pies of Paddington bore a beautiful bloom. This, I discovered from the pretty girl who served me, is attainable by a skilful use of white of egg during the process of baking. I quite failed to find buttons of any sort in the Paddington pies. Indeed, had I done so, I believe my soft heart would have rebelled at giving information against a district where such pretty girls are employed in serving hungry customers.

"King's Cross, King's Cross," shouted a 'bus conductor into my ear, as I stood hesitatingly, at the corner of Chapel Street, I looked upon this as an invitation to visit King's Cross. Taking my seat on the top of the 'bus, I was rumbled along the whole length of Marylebone Road, and then the whole of Euston Road. I landed at King's Cross and found meat-pie shops on all sides. I visited two that looked likely places for discovery purposes, but I found nothing more tooth-resisting than gristle.

From King's Cross I went straight home to Bloomsbury. I had done a hard day's work. Mrs. Gruntle, my landlady, on hearing of the Editor's last order to me, burst into tears. She made me put my feet into mustard and water, and she rubbed a pint of camphorated oil into my chest and back. I had a nice fried sole, and a glass of gingerette last thing at night before retiring.

I EAT 15 MEAT-PIES THE SECOND DAY.

Next morning I set off soon after nine o'clock for Camden Town, walking all the way from Bloomsbury. I went from Camden Town to Hampstead, then to Kilburn and Cricklewood. I had a most fatiguing day, and walked little short of thirty miles. During that second day, I ate fifteen meat pies of all sorts. Some of them were over-baked, some were under-baked, some were too dry, and others were swimming in gravy, that squirted in a thousand and one directions, as I gently, but firmly, applied the steel fork.

I returned home a complete physical wreck.

On the third day I visited—still on foot—the City itself, Bermondsey and the Borough, then across the Tower Bridge into Aldgate, then to Whitechapel, Mile End, Bow, Stratford, Poplar, Limehouse, and Stepney. In Stepney I found something in a pork pie, or, as it was designated by a fellow customer in an eating house off the Commercial Road, a "pig coffin."

It was not a button, it was just a little bit of lead pencil. It was only an inch long, but it nearly perforated the roof of my mouth, and I am afraid I quite allowed my tongue to run away with me in my subsequent interview with the youth who had supplied me with the pie. Yet, as I walked home, I dwelt on my wretched temper. I thought how foolish to grumble so much on discovering just what the Editor sent me out to discover, namely, a "foreign substance" in a meat-pie.

Nothing will put murder into a man's heart quicker than to unsuccessfully try to open a refractory railway-carriage window for a pretty girl, and have a man about two sizes bigger than he is step across and open it almost without an effort.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN GASWORKS.

What our Lungs Do, and how you Exhale Half-a-pound of Soot and Half-a-pint of Water a Day.

EVERYBODY has lungs—more or less. Some of us have more and some less; but the healthy man or woman whose breathing apparatus has not begun to be the happy-hunting ground of that deadliest of all microbes, the *bacillus tuberculosis*, ought to have two lungs, one right and one left; the right one with three lobes or divisions, and the left one with two, the heart and its appurtenances being mostly on the left side a little more room has to be left for it.

The business that the lungs have to do—and they do it night and day, whether their owners are sleeping or waking—consists in a sort of partnership with the heart. The heart pumps the used-up or poisoned blood in infinitely minute quantities into the tiny cells of the lungs, and in them it is brought into almost direct contact with the fresh air that the lungs draw in. A swift, almost instantaneous, exchange, takes place between the poisonous gas in the cells and the life-giving gas in the lungs.

The total population of the globe is between fifteen and sixteen hundred millions. Every man and woman who has a perfect pair of lungs possesses as nearly as possible half this number of air cells, every one of which is busy from fifteen to seventeen times a minute in changing poisoned gas into pure gas, refreshing the blood and carrying away waste and poisonous products to an extent that no one who has not made a special study of the subject has any idea of.

All gases are composed of tiny, in fact, imperceptible compound bodies called molecules, circling round each other, just as stars and planets do, at speed incalculable by any ordinary human measurements.

One cubic inch of ordinary air, such as is drawn into the lungs with each breath, contains something like 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 of these molecules, and every one of them gets changed from one chemical combination to another fifteen to seventeen times a minute.

Now, from twenty to thirty cubic inches of air go into and come out of the lungs with every breath, and in addition to this the lungs contain about three hundred cubic inches of air which has to be kept fresh. Altogether quite 350 cubic feet of air have to pass through your lungs every twenty-four hours; from which fact you may form a dim kind of estimate of the incalculable number of these gas-molecules which are broken up and remade every day by that marvellous piece of mechanism which we call lungs.

In comparison with this it is a mere matter of detail to state that an ordinary healthy human being has more than 2,000 square feet of lung surface concealed under the upper part of his waistcoat—a space which would be almost correctly represented by the floor of a ball-room 45 feet square.

In another sense the work done by this mechanism which runs so easily and almost imperceptibly to most of us is distinctly remarkable. Every 24 hours 12,000 grains of carbonic acid pass outwards through our nostrils. This means that we are unloading solid carbon, say soot, all the time. If you could keep all the soot that passes out through your nostrils in the form of carbonic acid gas, at the end of 24 hours you would have a heap of solid soot weighing about eight ounces, say half-a-pound; and if you kept all the vapour that you part with in the same time you would be able to condense a little more than half-a-pint of pure water; wherefore the amounts of soot and water produced by the lungs of a man who had done his threescore-and-ten or four-score years in this vale of tears would come to a very considerable quantity indeed.

In view of facts like these it is somewhat superfluous to say that the subject of breathing, commonplace as it is to all of us, is one which is well deserving of more attention than it gets. It will be remembered that, although the whole capacity of the lungs is about 330 cubic inches, only from 20 to 30 cubic inches go in and out of them at the same breath. This means that the other 300 cubic inches have got to be freshened up, and that is just what most of us don't take the trouble to do properly.

Every morning when you go and have your tub you should have another kind of bath—an air-bath. Open the window, put your hands on your hips, stand straight up, and breathe slowly but as deeply as you can for four or five minutes. That freshens up the old air that has been lying in your lungs all night.

If you have been working in a study or an office or a shop do the same thing as nearly as you can the moment you get into the open air, and do it again before you go to bed. If you do this consistently you are taking a good 95 per cent. insurance risk against consumption. The other five per cent. would have to be put down to heredity and infection—for instance, germs picked up off pavements by women who allow their skirts to trail along them.

No man or woman, by the utmost possible exercise of strength, can either empty or fill the lungs completely in a breath. We only draw one really full breath in life and that is the first one. The last one leaves the lungs about half-full.

LESSONS IN LOVEMAKING

BY MADGE MORRIS.

VI.—How the Prince must not Put the All-important Question.

First and foremost he must not write it. Still less should he telegraph or 'phone it. Such are the ways of cowards and half-hearted laggards; Miss Primrose loves a brave man who will storm all her barricades and carry her heart against herself.

How must the Prince phrase it? Ah, that is just what no lessons can teach him. The very form of the question depends upon the personality of the Prince and Miss Primrose, and this is the unknown quantity, which would upset the most carefully worked out equation.

Nor is it much use for the Prince to lay awake at nights thinking how he will put the momentous question, because nine times out of ten it trips off his tongue when he least expects it, and all his studied periods are so much wasted time.

There is no special form of proposal which can be kept in stock to suit all comers. This would be to degrade lovemaking to the level of phrenology and phonetics.

Yet the Prince may learn what things to avoid.

He should not lead up to it too palpably, because all the time he is preparing the ground Miss Primrose is debating what she shall say, and the chance is a simple unexpected question will leave her no time to retreat behind subterfuges.

The form of the question, believe me, is most important. It must not be vague, because a woman in love is too proud to avail herself of an ambiguous suggestion.

DON'T LET YOUR PROPOSAL BE AMBIGUOUS.

"Would you like to live in the South?" "Do you think you could be happy in the country?" "Will you watch over my life?" "Do you think I could ever make you happy?" These are not ways to put the question. Why, they all imply doubt, and doubt is a chill frost which shrivels the young leaves of love. Let the Prince be confident. The assurance of victory is half the battle. How easy to say "No" to a timid, fearful lover, whose pale face and nervous utterance show he expects nothing better.

Love, as you learnt before, is warfare, and this is the Waterloo of the campaign.

If the form is much, how much more is the moment. The wonderful electrical moment when Miss Primrose's being and your own are in harmony. Like some mighty orchestra—heart, wills, desires, longings, aspirations, thoughts, hopes—tuned to the same pitch awaiting the stroke of the conductor's baton. No one can tell you when the moment will come, no one can tell you how to recognise it. If you do not you will never be Prince Fortunate, that is all.

It may come in the sad white moonlight, in the freshness of a summer morning when only the birds are astir, in the clash of work, the hour of disappointment, the day of victory, or—and this is most usual perhaps—in the bitterness of parting.

The holiday is over, the luggage is piled, the inevitable moment has come; the sorrow in your heart grows double, there are tears on Miss Primrose's lashes—thrice blessed tears—and you gather her close and whisper, "There must never be any more good-bye for us in life."

DON'T "ASK PAPA" FIRST.

Or the moment may come in lighter mood. The Prince and Miss Primrose may have grown weary of pelting each other with fir cones, or smothering each other with armfuls of withered bracken—for these are the foolish-wise ways in which they show their love; the Prince may have built her a throne of brushwood and, doffing cap, sink on one knee and kiss her hand in homage, saying, "If you please you can make your prince a king; will you crown him?" Or in less fanciful mood he may catch her hands, and cry, "Make me the happiest man in the world."

"All this is too high falutin' for me," you growl, "I'm a plain man." Well then, why study the art of lovemaking?

Say—"I can offer you a comfortable home, Mary dear, and keep a housemaid if required." Or, "You and I suit, why shouldn't we make a match of it?"

This is doubtless very excellent, at any rate it is straightforward; but it isn't lovemaking.

Neither is it lovemaking to ask her parents or guardians first. It may be etiquette, but it isn't always safe. Miss Primrose does not like to think she is the last to be consulted upon a point which, after all, most concerns her, so throw old-fashioned notions of propriety to the winds, and be tolerably certain she loves you before you "ask papa."

When Miss Primrose says she will be the Princess, the Prince had better forget to kiss her than fail to be overwhelmingly surprised and beatifically incredulous.

It doesn't matter if she has been aiding his con-

trivances for getting her to himself for weeks, if she has told him what he said the first time they met, when she first heard his name, and what she thought about him that night after the dinner; it doesn't matter if she has been sending him an express letter twice or three times a week for months; he must still be touchingly surprised.

How can he? Oh, it doesn't sound probable, does it? But then Love is a most unreasonable thing. The Prince sets out with the usual masculine notion that any and every woman is to be had for the asking, and he flatters himself any of the maids of honour could be lightly won; but the Princess—she is a thing apart. She is different to all other women as he told her that first night when they met. He never dares to feel sure of the Princess, if he did he would soon cease to be in love. Love is a cruel god who serves out the torture of uncertainty to his votaries.

The surprise of the Prince is very dear to Miss Primrose. Other men might have fancied she had encouraged them. The Prince never thinks that. Afterwards, when the Prince is talking of some lady of the court, and says, "She led him on," a plait comes between the eyes of the Princess, and she lays her hand on his shoulder, and queries, oh, so anxiously—"Did I ever do that to you?"

The Prince stares at her for a moment doubting his ears, then he laughs.

"Yes," he says, pulling her hair. "In the cruellest way possible, by trying to be friends with me. It nearly broke my heart."

THE HARDEST WORK IN LOVE-MAKING.

If the Prince is of the true blood royal there are many things he will not do after Miss Primrose has promised to be his Princess. He will not use the imperative mood. He will not show off his prize arrogantly in public. He will not slip off the devoted lover and assume the "lord and master."

But if he is a page masquerading in the ermine of a Prince, his good fortune will turn his head, he will do these things, and Miss Primrose will wake from her dream and know he is only an ordinary mortal—and then, perhaps, she will cease to love him, for such things do happen even in the twentieth century—more's the pity.

And above all the Prince mustn't think he has learnt all his lessons, when he has induced Miss Primrose to tell her great secret. Not a bit of it. He is still the veriest tyro. The hardest stretch of work lies still in front of him.

"What," cries the Prince, "when we know we love each other?" Exactly. To love each other means to doubt each other a thousand times a day. And the Prince who can find the most ways to tell the Princess-elect how and why he loves her is the happy prince.

He must tell her every dear absurdity about "US" which he can think of. He must not take anything for granted. He must not make the mistake of fancying that she can read his heart, not even Miss Primrose is clever enough for that.

BE AN ARTISTIC LOVER.

She knows he loves her. Yes—as an abstract fact. Much comfort that brings her when he is compelled to be a day without coming to see her.

What she wants is to hear him say so. Not once nor twice, but ten thousand thousand times. It is a story which never grows stale, for the ways of telling it are infinite.

If the Prince is wise he will set himself to discover some of them, not be content to use the same one always. He will invent a new kiss every six weeks at least. Coin a new love-name. Praise some new grace in her.

To do this is to be a wonderful lover.

"But," you say, "it is only the man who is not in love—or not much in love—who can remember to be an artistic lover."

Artistic to the onlooker, perhaps, but who is the judge of what sort of a lover he is? Clearly, Miss Primrose.

The wonderful lover is the lover over whose sayings Miss Primrose smiles tenderly when he has gone. The lover whom she would love if he lost his kingdom, the lover she would follow to the world's end, the lover who will always be to her the dearest man in the world.

THE END.

"WHAT would you like to be when you grow up?" asked an old gentleman.

"I'd like to be a bricklayer," replied the boy.

"That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?"

"'Cause there's so many days when bricklayer's can't work."

"WAS it a love marriage, do you think?"

"Certainly. All marriages are love marriages."

"Isn't that rather a sweeping statement?"

"Not at all. There is love of adventure, you know, love of luxury, love of advertising, and various other kinds of love. There is no need of going into details when one speaks of a love marriage."

FORTUNES THROUGH NOT ADVERTISING.

Tradesmen who Hide themselves to Get Customers.

In these days, shop windows are so lavishly decorated, and wares so flouted, that the aristocratic world buys many of the most needed articles from tradesmen who do not keep shops and whose places of business are difficult to find. There is a very large and wealthy part of the community to whom advertisements act as a deterrent. They prefer to buy their cigarettes from men who have anonymous chambers on second floors in the West-end, and their wines, walking sticks, and jewellery from similarly unobtrusive traders. There is something particularly fascinating to the aristocratic mind in buying goods from tradesmen only known to their set, about whom there is a sort of masonic secrecy.

When a prince wants a new pair of boots he does not go to an ordinary bootmaker. Seldom, indeed, does he patronise even supposed "swell" shops in the West-end. He likes to buy his boots in secret, enjoying at the same time luxury and leisure. The bootmaker to princes carries on a lucrative business in the secrecy of a Mayfair flat. From the outer appearance of the flat none but a private man about town might occupy the premises.

An occasional boot of elegant parts leisurely lounges here and there in the room, and shelves of boots with finished specimens of repairing implements adorn the interior of glass cases. No young man in a hurry bustles up to you to take your measurement, and produces a pair of solid-looking structures for your approval. No, you are treated with ambassadorial ceremony. From the demeanour of the aristocratic bootmaker he might be your solicitor in a breach of promise case, ascertaining delicate details.

Then an artist with a tape measure appears, sizes up your foot with the air of a connoisseur of wines, notes details of ankle and instep. Elegantly mounted samples of leather are submitted for your acceptance, and in a day or two you receive a superb pair of boots, the charge for which may run to anything from three to fifty guineas.

The tobacco war will do much to boom the secret tobacconist, with the flat in Piccadilly. Aristocrats will be more disposed than ever to shun the advertised weeds, and leave English and American dealers in them to stew in their own juice. The delicious sensation of wandering through tortuous corridors till you come to a snugly-named suite of rooms, and there selecting brands of cigars and cigarettes you know to be the very best obtainable, will receive additional force when you know that the tobacconists of the man in the street are furiously raging together.

The office of the prime purveyor of Russian cigarettes in London is on a first floor in Piccadilly, and he has a suite of elegant reception rooms, covered with luxurious carpets and tapestries. Customers sample his brands on lounges, and the place is a rendezvous for gilded smokers.

Walking-sticks, as carried by the Beau Brummell of our day, are also generally purchased in secret. A hundred or so elegant sticks carelessly adorn the room, composed of every possible material.

A very flourishing tradesman without a shop has a handsome residence near Knightsbridge, where he does a large business. It consists entirely in the supply of harness and saddlery to the aristocracy. The latest things in whips, stirrups, and bits are always at his command, yet, from the outside of the house, you would never suspect that it contained other than ordinary furniture. But upstairs in a spacious room the things are on view, together with a life-size wooden horse, upon which the things are displayed in order to be inspected by the prospective purchaser.

If you want to enjoy the patronage of Mayfair in any particular ware, the best thing is to advertise that you don't advertise. Your premises should be the least obtrusive in the world. Your simple name should distinguish it. A few men of fashion should be got to mention it in a quiet sort of way to their set, and that once done, time will soon bring patronage on its wing.

In nearly all professions advertising is barred. All men of professional standing belong to some society endowed for their interests. Membership of such a society is only to be obtained by men of the highest qualifications, and when secured is held to be all the advertisement a man requires. To be qualified, and able to add certain letters after one's name, is deemed sufficient, and anyone advertising in the Press is promptly brought to book by the society's officials.

A civil engineer is never expected to advertise. His membership of the Institution of Civil Engineers is deemed all that is necessary for his professional standing. The same with the Institute of Chartered Accountants, the Incorporated Law Society, and the societies devoted to architecture, survey, electricity, and other professions.

With a doctor, of course, advertisement promptly places him with the "quack," and though he may attract a certain amount of attention from the public, he is, professionally, barred, and what he gains from publicity he loses in professional standing.

A stockbroker who advertises is also put out of the pale of professional regard. Membership of the Stock Exchange is considered the only advertisement necessary in a dealer in stocks and shares. The outside broker is not ranked as an authorised member of the profession.

Mr. George R. Sims has just secured £5 from the Editor of SHORT STORIES by applying for this sum when his portrait appeared in the paper. If your portrait is in SHORT STORIES you will get £5.

FETTERED LIVES.

A Story of the Prison and the Stage.
By HENRY FARMER.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

- REGINALD STANLEY.**
A convict, falsely accused of the murder of Sir Ronald Dunnaton, who has escaped from prison and is acting in *Fettered Lives* Company under the name of KEITH LESLIE. He is in love with Esmée Conyers.
- ESMÉE CONYERS.**
The stage name of Stanley's sweetheart, Amy Cunningham. Also in *Fettered Lives* Company.
- CULLY SCOTT** (alias the "Smasher").
A convict who has escaped from prison with Stanley, and who has forced Gilders to engage him and his partner in the company to cover their escape.
- GILDERS.**
An ex-felon, and manager of *Fettered Lives* Company.
- AUSTYN SELINCOURT.**
A "man about town" in league with Harley Garside to commit burglaries.
- HARLEY GARSIDE.**
An actor-burglar. In love with Esmée and jealous of Stanley.
- CRUMP.**
A Scotland Yard detective, in charge of both the capture of the convicts and the discovery of Garside's robberies.
- DRIFT.**
One of Crump's aliases in his detective work.
- EDSTONE.**
Playing part of hero in *Fettered Lives*, but discharged for being intoxicated. His part is given to Stanley.
- SAM BLOOM.**
Acting in *Fettered Lives*.
- ZOE DELISLE.**
Acting in *Fettered Lives*.
- GLADYS MELLOR.**
Acting in *Fettered Lives*.
- TOMLINSON.**
Selincourt's manservant.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Austyn Selincourt Receives a Begging Letter, and Shows Symptoms of Worry.

On the morning following the episode of the corked brandy and the consequent failure of Tomlinson's attempt to drug his master, Austyn Selincourt, in spite of having retired exceptionally late, was up and breakfasting shortly after eight o'clock. Tomlinson, whose ill-humour was veiled under his suave and obsequious manner, noted that his master seemed more meditative than usual. The pile of letters at his elbow had been untouched, the newspaper unopened.

Tomlinson, as might be expected, had duly scrutinised the letters, having examined the postmarks, held them up to the light, and gleaned all that was possible without actually opening the envelopes. One was from the Duchess of Hancaster; another, bearing the postmark "Branley," was from his master's actor-acquaintance. He was familiar with Garside's nervous, uncertain handwriting. He would much have liked to know the contents of that letter. Had circumstances permitted, he would have been tempted to experiment on the envelope with the steam from a boiling kettle. There were several others. One of them he strongly suspected to be a begging letter. There was a suspicious look about the cheap envelope that was not devoid of thumb-marks.

"Tomlinson."

"Yes, sir."

"Open me a small bottle of champagne!"

Selincourt picked up the newspaper and opened it mechanically. Presently he elevated his eye-brows a little. So the inquest at Aylingford was over. The jury had found that Herbert Radstone had died from the effects of injuries inflicted upon him by a mob infuriated by his attempt on the life of a fellow-actor, Keith Leslie. The sting of the verdict was in its tail. The jury had believed, and testified to their belief, in the dead man's guilt. From Selincourt's point of view, it was satisfactory. He put aside the paper and searched through his letters till he found Garside's. It was brevity itself. "I shall be with you on Sunday."

Tomlinson was eyeing his master rather uneasily. Something seemed to be worrying him. He continued to watch him as he opened letter after letter. Was it possible that he had discovered the loss of that marquise ring?

Selincourt had arrived at the letter that his manservant had suspected to be a begging one. He studied the address mechanically before opening it.

"Dear sir," it ran, "but for the direst distress and misery I, a stranger to you personally, would not venture to take the liberty of writing to you. But with a consumptive wife, and my little children crying for bread, and myself the victim—"

But Selincourt was no longer reading. Lines had suddenly developed on his forehead. He was staring hard at the handwriting itself—it was different to that on the envelope!

Tomlinson, still covertly watching his master, was trying to account for the sudden puckering-up of his forehead.

Selincourt ceased to study the handwriting, and, turning over the letter, glanced at the signature, "William Jameson." Then he read the concluding sentences:

"Therefore I beg you, sir, in the sacred name of Humanity, not to turn a deaf ear to my appeal. Help a stricken man who, crippled by disease, only appeals to you because he cannot help himself. Help me, sir, for the sake of my poor wife, for the sake of my innocent, hungry children, and may Heaven reward you! My address is 101, Blackdials Road, East."

Picking up the thumb-marked envelope, Selincourt compared the writing upon it with that of the letter. There was a marked difference. Very thoughtfully he gathered up his correspondence, and, having moved across to the bureau, sat himself down to write.

"Tomlinson," he said, after a while, "I want you to

take this note round to the Duchess of Hancaster's and wait for an answer."

After his manservant's departure, he picked up the begging letter again.

"The likeness to his handwriting is extraordinary," he muttered, "it struck me at once. Maybe it's a coincidence, but it's so deuced curious, almost uncanny, coming as it does on top of Tomlinson's little adventure. No," he added a trifle grimly, "it's no imagination, this resemblance of handwritings. I don't let my imagination play any pranks on me. Now let me see!"

Having unlocked and pulled out a drawer in the bureau, he searched for some time amongst a number of papers before finding what he wanted—a note acknowledging the loan of fifty pounds and promising repayment in a fortnight's time.

It was signed "Paul Ruddock."

"I never got back my fifty quid," he murmured as he flattened out the note that was more than four years old, "nor the little honorarium of a hundred that was verbally promised. By gad, looking at 'em together, one would take one's oath that the same man had written them both."

He ran his white fingers through his tawny hair. "One man addressed the envelope, another wrote the letter—that may be accounted for by the fact that the professional beggar and the professional begging letter writer are often distinct individuals. I shall have to go more deeply into this. I hope to God I'm wrong—that it's just a coincidence, a fluke, a similarity. But"—he smothered under an oath—"it would be just like my infernal luck!"

He rose up and started to pace to and fro.

"And there's that infernal marquise ring problem still staring me in the face. I'm in the dickens of a tight fix, and, 'pon my soul, I don't quite see my way out of it."

He helped himself to champagne. His expression was singularly hard and unpleasant. He had never known what it was to have a master over him. He himself had always been supreme. But there was no getting away from the fact that if, as he suspected, that marquise ring had found its way into Tomlinson's possession, then his manservant was master of the situation—for the time being. To a man of Selincourt's calibre and aristocratic instincts the very thought of such a state of affairs was intolerable. Yet, so far, with regard to Tomlinson, it was still a question of suspicion. The only positive facts to hand were that the marquise ring scheduled in the list of property stolen from the Duchess had been in his safe, and had vanished. Selincourt's strength lay in his self-possession and his supreme belief in himself. A "poser" faced him; he was worried and anxious, but he was not flustered. He possessed the admirable faculty of taking things coolly. He was in the habit of looking matters squarely in the face. Granted that Tomlinson had the ring, two dangers lay ahead. Tomlinson might use it as a lever to extort money from him, or—and to him this seemed the most likely—would quietly turn the ring into hard cash, knowing that his master would be powerless to move. But if Tomlinson bungled, got the police on his track—there was the rub! Yet Selincourt told himself that, as matters stood, he could do nothing beyond adopting certain precautions already arranged for in his mind.

"No," he muttered, again seating himself at the bureau, "for the present, like 'Brer Fox,' I must just lie low; but that rascal Tomlinson—if I'm right—will not have it all his own way at the finish."

He picked up a pen, and wrote:

"Dear Moseenthal,—It will be worth your while to run over to London as early as possible next week. I suppose you will stay at the Lombard. I am looking forward to a nice quiet little tête-à-tête dinner. Write me and fix up which evening.—Yours in haste, A. S."

The envelope that he addressed revealed the letter's destination to be Amsterdam. He placed it in his pocket. He was leaning back on the couch, smoking a cigar and staring thoughtfully into the fire, when Tomlinson, after a knock, entered, and obsequiously handed him a note on a silver salver.

"Thank you"—he opened the note. The Duchess would call for him about eleven o'clock—"and—er—Tomlinson, one minute. I want you to go over to West Kensington for me."

"Certainly, sir."

Tomlinson's face did not betray his annoyance, nor the fact that he strongly suspected his master of wishing to get rid of him that morning.

"But, first of all, go to Gerard's, in Regent Street, and buy some flowers—I leave the choice to you, you're excellent taste, but nothing funeral—five pounds' worth. You'd better cab it from there over to Mrs. Lennox-Carew's place. One minute, you'll want my card."

Rising, he procured a visiting-card and wrote upon it—"Heartiest congratulations on the arrival of a son and heir."

"I made a big mistake," he muttered, after Tomlinson's departure, "in taking that fellow into my service. He's admirable in some things, but—well, spilt milk's spilt milk!"

He shrugged his shoulders—acting again for the benefit of his own vanity.

"I've a busy day before me. A bank's better than a safe. But I don't relish a visit to the Blackdials Road. Too many of the great unwashed and too much fried fish about."

He moved towards the unmarked spot on the cream-coloured panelling.

Tomlinson had not returned when, shortly after eleven o'clock, the Duchess of Hancaster's C-springed barouche drew up outside the building and a powdered footman alighted and passed up to Selincourt's flat. The Duchess, in a picture-hat, was looking almost girlish, thanks to her painstaking and artistic maid. Her face brightened, and she ousted the outrageously clipped poodle from the seat beside her, as Selincourt, perfectly groomed, his

languid eyes smiling, approached. He looked well in a fur coat. Some men do not. The man is lost, and the fur coat becomes animated.

As he entered the barouche, an ordinary, commonplace-looking man walked past.

"Duchess," said Selincourt, after greetings had been exchanged, "would you do me a favour? Would you drive me round by the Town and Counties Bank. I just want to look in there for a couple of minutes—see the manager, don't you know?"

The Duchess spoke to the footman.

The fur coat that Selincourt was wearing was furnished with capacious pockets. Under ordinary circumstances he would have considered a bulging pocket "bad form." But one pocket, containing a small japanned cash-box, looked and the tapes round it sealed, bulged a little.

"Lu-lu!" he murmured as the barouche rolled springily away—the pet name "Lu-lu" was reserved for occasions when no one was within hearing, "that hat of yours is enough to make every woman we meet mad with envy. You're looking—well, 'pon my soul, words fail me!"

He squeezed her hand gently under the sable rug. A few moments later he was inquiring sympathetically after the Duke, and expressing the hope that the Homburg waters were benefiting his health. When the barouche stopped outside the bank he was asking if anything had been heard of the stolen diamonds. He was absent from her side but a few minutes. When he returned, the cash-box was locked away in the bank's strong room and he carried a receipt in his pocket.

"I think you're a little *distract*," said the Duchess as they were driving through the Park, "you're not worried about anything, are you?"

Selincourt stroked his tawny moustache.

"No," he drawled, "not worried, but one can't help thinking sometimes, don't you know—though it's a big mistake."

The Duchess parted her lips a little.

"You are only forgiven if your thoughts were of me."

"I am forgiven, then," he murmured.

But could the Duchess have read his mind she would have found it occupied by thoughts of her diamonds—rather than of herself, and of Tomlinson, and of a certain begging letter.

After lunching with the Duchess, Selincourt returned in a cab to his flat. When, half an hour later, he left again, he had discarded top hat and fur coat in favour of a "bowler" and a Raglan overcoat. Hailing a hansom, he bade the man drive him to the Blackdials Road. A few moments later, a second hansom was following in its wake.

From the heart of the West into the heart of the East. Luxury and refinement were essential to Selincourt. A look of repugnance shadowed the handsome face as the cab rattled through mean, poor streets, and now and again he obtained a glimpse into sunless courts and grimy alleys. He lighted a cigar, and thanked Heaven that his lot had not been cast among such places.

"What part of the Blackdials Road, sir?" shouted the caddy down the trap.

"This will do."

Alighting, Selincourt sauntered along the crowded pavement, noting the numbers of the houses.

A coster-girl, resplendent in green velvet, glittering earrings, and a monster hat, with bold eyes black as sloes, nudged her companion as he passed, and remarked: "Lum me, Sal, but there's a 'ansome bloke for yer—what about keepin' company along of 'im, eh!"

"What oh! Jest about my mark. What do you think, Liz?"

But neither commented on the appearance of the ordinary individual who passed a few seconds after.

Selincourt paused outside a dingy little tobacconist's and newsagent's shop. It was a corner shop, one half in the Blackdials-road, the other in a narrow, disreputable side-thoroughfare, where the entrance was situated. It was numbered 101. "Jacob Monk" was the name over the low door. Selincourt had to stoop to enter, and stumbled down the two steps that led into the badly-lighted little den.

A shrivelled-up old man, bespectacled and wearing a skull-cap, sat behind the counter.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he exclaimed in a reedy voice, blinking suspiciously at Selincourt.

"Does a William Jameson live here?"

"No, sir. Though sometimes he has his letters addressed here."

"But—er—you've got his address?"

"No, sir, I haven't."

"Ah, that's a pity. I had a letter from him asking for assistance. I suppose he expected me to send the money by post, and he would have called for it at his convenience."

Outside a man was studying the bloodcurdling titles and covers of the novelettes that figured in the window facing the Blackdials Road.

A bell gave out a cracked "Tang!" as the shop door opened. Selincourt stood on one side as a low-browed, unprepossessing man, with one shoulder slanting up and the other slanting down, slouched up to the counter. Daylight was dying and the little shop dark with shadows, but Selincourt fancied he saw Jacob Monk blink a look of warning through his spectacles.

The newcomer never spoke a word. He stolidly "dumped" down some coin on the counter, received in return half an ounce of "shag" tightly rolled up in white paper, then lurched out with a side-long, unfriendly glance at Selincourt.

"A bloomin' haristoera!" growled Lopsided Joe as he slouched away towards Mumpus Court, "one what don't toil, neither do 'e spin. What's 'e there for? Anyow, Jacob give me the nod. I'll drop in later, Cully'll have to wait for them letters what 'e's 'ankerin' arter."

Selincourt approached the counter again.

"Look here," he drawled, keeping his voice low, "you know William Jameson's address right enough."

"No, I don't," snapped the old man, "and I'm not an inquiry office. Jameson's business is not my business. His wife arranged for his letters to be received here, and fetches them, and pays my charge, and that's all I can tell you."

"Tang!" went the cracked bell as a slatternly woman, the worse for liquor and carry a white-faced, puny baby in her arms, staggered down into the shop.

"Here, any letters for Bill," she exclaimed, blurring out the words in spite of a little warning cough from Jacob Monk and before she was conscious of Selincourt's presence.

"No."

She stumbled back up the steps and out.

"I shan't want to worry you any further," said Selincourt politely to the tobaccoist, and passed out.

The lamps were lighted in the Blackdials Road now, but the narrow thoroughfare branching out of it, and along which the woman was reeling unsteadily, was still in darkness.

"That's the consumptive wife," thought Selincourt, the woman just visible as he emerged from the shop; "I'm going to get to the bottom of this. She'd sell her soul for a sovereign. If the husband's on a par, he never wrote that letter."

He hesitated for a moment. He was feeling out of his element. He was not used to dealing with men and women of the lower orders, but he took it for granted that the way to open their mouths was through their pockets.

He moved away after the woman. He had passed one dark archway and was level with a second when he overtook her.

"Excuse me," he said with some embarrassment, "are you Mrs. Jameson?"

The woman swung round and peered into his face with a half-frightened, half-defiant expression on her depraved, drink-sodden features.

"Who are you?" she said thickly. "And if I am, what's that to you?"

Selincourt glanced back nervously over his shoulder. He was no coward, but he felt like a fish out of water.

"Because if you are, I had a letter from your husband asking for help. I was in the shop when you looked in. I came down personally to see if I could help him."

The woman leered at him with a half-drunken look of cunning.

"Well, if you want to 'elp 'im, I'll see that 'e gets whatever you likes to give."

She paused for a moment. Selincourt felt that he had put it clumsily, that this woman had seen through him. He would have been quite at home in a lady's boudoir; he felt very much out of it in that dark slum face to face with a depraved creature of the gutter.

"Shall I tell you what you are," she went on, "and if you think you're comin' it over me, you're mistook—you're either a 'tec.' or a Charity Organization, or, if you ain't that, a Mendicacy officer."

Selincourt made up his mind quickly and determined to risk it.

"Yes, I'm a 'tec.' And the man I'm after is the man who writes those letters for your husband. You needn't get worried, neither he nor you will figure in the business. I'll give you a sovereign for his name and address."

"A quid," whispered the woman hoarsely, "make it a couple, and I'll tell you. Only swear you won't give me away. Swear—"

"With pleasure."

"But give us the quids first. Look sharp, my old man's 'agin' about somewheres. If 'e caught me traffickin' with a 'tec.' 'e'd 'arf kill me."

Selincourt handed over a couple of sovereigns. He would have given ten without a murmur to attain his object. The woman tested them between her teeth.

"I can't tell you 'is real name, 'cos I don't know it. 'E ain't been among us long. They call him the Master of Arts 'cos 'e writes like a scholar. If you want 'im, look for 'im—Oh, my Gawd, Bill!"

The woman darted away into the darkness. A man had crept out from the archway behind.

Before Selincourt could turn, a blow behind the ear had stretched him senseless.

As he fell, another man sprang out from the other archway further along and raced up. He made no attempt at pursuit, knowing the futility of such a thing in that neighbourhood, but bent down over Selincourt.

It was the commonplace-looking man who, that morning, had been outside the building in Piccadilly when Selincourt had entered the Duchess of Lancaster's barouche, and who, but a few minutes previously, had been studying the novelettes in Jacob Monk's window.

He pulled out a police-whistle and blew it.

When, by half-past eight, his master had not returned, Tomlinson began to show symptoms of uneasiness. His master's thoughtful manner and the suspicion that his mission to West Kensington had been merely an excuse to get rid of him, worried him. Seated in his master's armchair before the sitting-room fire and smoking one of his cigarettes, he deplored fluently the mischance of the previous evening. But for a bottle of corked brandy he would have been by now across the Channel, a small fortune in his possession in the shape of diamonds, and knowing that Selincourt would not be in a position to communicate with the police. He told himself that it had been the opportunity of a lifetime.

Throwing his cigarette into the fire, he crossed over to the wall and pressed the concealed spring. He had learned the secret of its existence through the keyhole, and had since mastered its practical working. The panel flew back.

Had Selincourt discovered the loss of the marquise ring? Did the safe still contain the diamonds? These were the two questions that exercised his mind.

He was a coward, Tomlinson, and afraid of his languid,

drawing master. He had a shrewd idea of the strong, unscrupulous nature beneath the surface. That was his reason for preferring to rob rather than attempt to blackmail him.

"Though if I were pushed," he thought, his fishy eyes gleaming as he fingered the lock of the safe, "I've got him three times over. But if I thought he knew what I know I shouldn't feel comfortable till there was a considerable distance between us. He loves himself better than anything or anybody on earth or in heaven, and that's the type of gentleman that doesn't stick at trifles."

He shivered a little.

"But he can't know!" Then he shook his fist at the safe. "It's maddening—maddening! Just a partition, that's all. Well, he doesn't seem to be coming. I'm off to Marie. I expect she's on tenter-hooks. She'll be heart broken when she knows. But I've no proof that they're not still in that safe, only his manner worried me. I must have another of those powders. And I'll see that the brandy isn't corked next time."

He closed the panel.

When, on his way to Beckwith Street, he looked into "The Cock and Feathers," Mr. Peck, placidly enjoying one of Lord Carnedyn's cigars, filled his usual seat. He wagged a gouty forefinger at Tomlinson.

"I shall not detain you," he chuckled unctuously, "but you've just time to take a glass of wine with me, and then away on the wings of a dove—to quote the immortal bard—to the arms of your own true love. I know all about it—I have not forgotten my own pre-nuptial days before the Hymeneal knot was tied."

He smacked his lips as if he were kissing someone.

"I've been busy with my scrap-book," he went on, as Tomlinson bowed his best respects and drank his wine, "pasting in an account of that inquest at Aylingford. You read it?"

"Indeed, yes, I read it with deep interest," said Tomlinson quietly; "I told you, I think, Mr. Selincourt has a friend in the *Fettered Lives* company."

"The jury practically found the dead man guilty of attempted murder."

"Yes 'Keith Leslie' was the actor's name—the one who was so nearly hanged."

When Tomlinson reached the house in Beckwith Street, the door was opened almost immediately in answer to his knock.

Mario Manette's face was very white. Gripping his wrist, she dragged him into the passage and slammed the door.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she hissed, clutching him by the lappels of his coat, "the marquise ring!"

Tomlinson's face went as white as hers.

"What in the name of—"

"A letter has come from Jean. Robbers break into his shop—they burst open the safe—the marquise ring is there—they steal it—it is gone!"

Her voice had risen to almost a shriek.

Tomlinson clasped his hand over her mouth, and, in his rage—whatever else might happen he had looked upon that ring as representing so much hard cash—shook her viciously.

"Do you want the whole street to hear?"

But her voice had not reached the man who had been following him. He was on the opposite side of the street.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Tomlinson admitted himself into the flat and knocked on the sitting-room door. He started and changed colour at the sight that met his eyes as he entered.

Selincourt, very pale, his clothes soiled with mud, lay back in an armchair. A policeman—Tomlinson was too agitated to notice the glass that he held in his hand—stood close beside.

"All right, Tomlinson," said Selincourt faintly, but with a shadowy smile, "I'm not under arrest, and I don't think our friend here has got a warrant for your apprehension in his pocket. He's been good enough to see me home. I've been badly knocked about. I'm reckoned rather good with my fists, but I was taken from behind before I had a chance. Bobby, put a couple of those cigars in your pocket and mix yourself another drink."

He was acting again from sheer force of habit. But worry and anxiety lurked beneath his mask of languid nonchalance. Once again "his confounded ill-luck" had proved one too many for him.

He had been struck down just as he was on the point of obtaining a clue to the whereabouts of this mysterious Master of Arts, whose name was unknown, who wrote like a scholar, and whose handwriting so singularly resembled that of Paul Ruddock whom the world believed to be lying in his grave at Hampstead.

CHAPTER L.

The Smasher Meditates Returning to his Old Line of Business, and Plays the Good Samaritan.

THE Smasher, stripped of his coat, his shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, revealing two mighty forearms with muscles like bands of steel, sat at the packing-case in Lopsided Joe's garret writing laboriously. Candles were fixed on either side of him. As he wrote, the bull-dog mouth worked as though it were helping the pen to shape the letters.

Since his arrival in London he had not left the building. Absolute confidence existed between him and Lopsided Joe. He had told him everything. And the lopsided stoic, after listening in silence and staring stolidly before him, at the conclusion of the narrative had remarked thus:

"You're right, Cully. Soon as the young toff's better, git 'im up 'ere. Then we'll see about shippin' 'im abroad. I knows my way about the docks. Stick to that bloomin' wipo, it may come in 'andy later—you never knows. We can't do nothink till the young toff's better, unless we was supernat'ral, which we ain't. So, till then, what's the use of worritin'!"

"Yus," the Smasher had answered huskily, "that's all very well for you, Joe, you're built that way; but I'm a-thinkin' of sweet'art. It ain't no use your talkin' much as I admires your philosophy, which I ain't seen equalised in no other bloke, but I can't 'elp a-worritin' when I thinks of 'er. Them two's jest all the world to one another, d'ye see, and precious near all the world to me. And it's cruel, it's 'eart-breakin' to me to think of them bein' parted. I've altered, Lopsy, since I was 'ere last. I feels things more than I used to—I've altered."

"You 'ave! You've gone softer like," Joe had grunted, though it would have been impossible to say from his tone whether he thought the change for the better or the worse.

The letter the Smasher was engaged upon was to Stanley. He had already written to him on the morning after his arrival, asking him to write back, addressing him as John Walker, at 101, Blackdials Road, further stating that "the party what kept the shop was as fly as they made 'em and as safe as 'ouses."

The letter finished, he lighted his pipe at one of the candles and sat ruminating with wrinkled brow and hunched-up shoulders. Lopsided Joe had gone out to see if there were any letters, and he was anxiously awaiting his return.

"I don't know much about furrin' parts," he muttered, "but I've 'eard tell that a young feller what ain't afear'd to work and rough it—and my young toff is one of sich, 'e never shirked 'is job in the quarries—can go on well out in Australia or Americy, if 'e's got a bit o' brass for to make a start with. And if Lopsy could git 'im fixed aboard ship, I'd find the brass. And maybe if things went all right, arter a time, sweet'art might go out and join 'im. And once I know'd that they was 'appy together, the cops might 'ave me then. My life's job would 'ave been done!"

He rose up and paced the room, as he had many a time paced a prison cell.

"Yus, for 'is sake, I said I'd go straight, but for 'is and 'er sake I'm ready to go back on my word. If brass is wanted, 'e shall 'ave it. S'truth, but 'e shall 'ave it, and I'll take bloomin' good care 'e shan't know 'ow it was got, no more than sweet'art know'd 'ow I got back them there trinkets of 'ers. But there—I'm a-goin' ahead to fast."

He paused, the look of a caged animal on the grim, ugly face. The ferrety eyes gleamed as the sound of someone ascending the rickety stairs reached him.

"Me!" said a husky voice outside.

The Smasher unlocked the door and admitted Lopsided Joe.

"Any briefs?" he asked quickly.

"Can't say. Somebody in the shop—a durned haristo-crat by the look of 'im. Monky give me the office. I'll drop in agen later."

Lopsided Joe, after locking the door, sat down, lighted his pipe, and stared stolidly in front of him.

"Cully," he said presently, jerking his thumb at the window, "in case of accident, you knows your way, don't you, over the tiles?"

The Smasher nodded his head, then lapsed into deep meditation.

"Lopsy," he said very slowly, after a long silence, "when you and me was in partnership we did very fair, I reckons."

"Yus, fairish," grunted Joe, "might 'ave done better, might 'ave done wuss."

"Ow much brass," went on the Smasher, "d'ye think a young feller 'ud want to make a start farrin', or some-think sich-like, out in Australia or Americy?"

Lopsided Joe scratched his head with the stem of his pipe.

"Durned if I know."

"D'ye think two 'undred 'ud be any good to 'im?"

"Dessay."

Again there was a long silence. Varying expressions flitted across the Smasher's features.

"Lopsy," he said at last, with a sigh, "maybe I shall be a-goin' back to my old line o' business afore long. You keep your kit 'ere still, do you?"

Lopsided Joe jerked his thumb at the hearth-stove.

"If I wanted to borrow one or two little articles in the shape of twirls and a James—"

"What's mine is yours, Cully."

"Thank you, Lopsy."

"And now I'll drop round agen to Monky's."

Left to himself, the Smasher again paced the room. Then he drew from his trousers' pocket a newspaper containing an account of the inquest at Aylingford. He had started to read it, pointing the words with a gnarled forefinger, when the sound of someone reeling up the stairs unsteadily reached him. A few moments later the door of the adjoining garret was slammed to.

"The Master of Arts," muttered the Smasher, "blind to the world agen. I should say. Queer-lookin' core 'e is, too. I reckon that cough's a church-yarder. Poor bloke, I pities 'im. I do. Lopsy's very good to 'im."

A barking cough had penetrated through the partition.

Then, presently, a crash of glass and a wild, drunken laugh.

After that faint murmurings as of a man talking to himself. Soon the murmurings grew louder and more distinct as the pitch of the voice rose.

"You will—you shall—you can save me—the money's nothing to you. Confound you! I'm flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone."

The raving voice was still now. The Smasher could hear every word. He sat listening, grim pity on his face.

"For your sake, she kept your secret—she never told me my father's name—you killed her—and now you treat me, your son, your own flesh and blood, like a dog! You won't help me—you won't save me—it means prison."

* Twirls, i.e., skeleton keys; James, i.e., jenny.

unless I buy back that paper—but if I have to go, I'll show you up—you shall save me—you shall—you shall!"

A moment's silence, then a shriek that harrowed even the Smasher's iron nerves.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!"

There was a crash and a scream of pain.

The Smasher sprang to his feet. There was a big store of humanity in his heart.

"E's 'urt 'isself!" he rasped out huskily, and, having unlocked the door, darted out and into the adjoining garret.

A solitary dip illumined the place. The Master of Arts lay on the floor. He had gashed his wrist on a piece of broken glass. Blood was streaming from the cut. He gathered himself up as the Smasher entered.

"Look—look!" he screamed, pointing to a vacant spot on the floor, "there, do you see! In the moonlight! I killed him. Hands off, I won't be taken alive!"

The Smasher had torn the neckerchief from his own throat, and, going down on his knees, had tucked the struggling man's arm under his own as in a vice, and, though he battered him about the head and shoulders with his free hand, was tying up the bleeding wrist.

"I won't be taken alive!" raved the poor wretch in his delirium.

"Who wants to take you," murmured the Smasher soothingly, ignoring the blows and continuing his bandaging, "who wants to 'urt you? Come now, guv'nor, you ain't killed nobody—it's jest your fancy. Now, now, sonny, take it more quiet. You're seein' things, you are, that ain't, so to speak, visionary. 'Ere, steady on, now, don't pull all the 'air out of my 'ead; leave us a lock to give to my best gal, when I gits one!"

"Take it away, then! Don't let it lie there on the floor—staring at me!"

"There ain't nothink to be took away, I tell you"—the Smasher was speaking in tones of husky tenderness, as one talking to a sick child—"you're fancyin' things. 'Ere, come now, that's better. Now, look 'ere, I'm agoin' to lay you on your bed, and if you don't care about bein' by yourself, I'll sit by you, you see."

The man's strength was well-nigh spent. The Smasher gathered him up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and laid him on the mattress that served as a bed. Once or twice the poor wretch broke out into fitful ravings, and tried to spring up, but the Smasher held him down.

"What oh!"

Lopsided Joe stood on the threshold. "H'sh!" whispered the Smasher, "'e's 'ad 'em bad agen, poor cove, but 'e's jest a-droppin' off to sleep. Don't you mind me. I shall stop with 'im a bit."

Lopsided Joe crept into the room on tiptoe.

"'Ere," he grunted, "it's precious cold for 'im. I've got a bit o' coal in my place. You look arter 'im, I'll make up a bit o' fire."

The man had been silent for a few moments, but he

started again, this time in a low voice as of a man speaking in his sleep.

"Swear to me—swear to me before your God—that you place these papers in the hands of the police before twelve hours have passed."

Again there was a silence, only broken by the murmur from the court below.

It was a dramatic scene. The wretched garret, the wasted, human wreck on the mattress, the Smasher, grim pity on his face, kneeling beside, the man with the slanting shoulders in the background.

The drunkard's lips were moving again.

"Swear to me—remember, an innocent life depends on you!"

(To be continued.)

Result of the "Actors and Actresses" Competition.

TWENTY-THREE competitors were successful in correctly solving all the names in this competition, and the £100 in prizes has therefore been divided equally among them. 487 competitors each had one mistake, and consolation gifts have been awarded to a large number of them. Each of the following competitors receives £4 7s.:

E. Andrews, Edith Cottage, Adlestree.
C. H. Beech, 219 Great Cheetham Street, Hr. Broughton, Manchester.
F. A. Crane, 46 Gordon Road, Stoke Newington.
L. Cohen, 3 Landerdale Mansions, Landerdale Road, W.
H. Hesford, Crichton Club, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
F. Morton Howard, 112 Church Road, Hove, Brighton.
Miss M. Haycraft, Williton House, Bash Hill Park, Enfield.
Miss S. Howler, 6 Selborne Road, Hove, Brighton.
A. Austin-Leigh, 20 Belsize Grove, N.W.
Geo. Ashley Lewis, 31 Holmdale Road, W. Hampstead.
Miss Alice Lyell, 30 Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill.
E. Riley, 17 Victoria Street, Hury St. Edmunds.
Percy P. Smith, 8 Howard's Road, Plaistow.
Miss F. Shilcock, 18 Graham Road, Dalston, N.E.
Miss L. Scott, 17 Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone.
J. Scott, Hope Villa, Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone.
Miss C. Swinhoe, 23 Upper Rock Gardens, Brighton.
W. B. Tacon, 88 Killoarn Road, Catford.
Mrs. A. J. Tompkins, 64 St. Mary's Road, Market Harboro.
J. Williams, 9 St. Margaret's Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
C. Weatherburn, 72 Woodlands Road, Ilford.
W. Woodman, 35 Foton New Road, Clapham.
A. Wallis, 2 Short Road, Leytonstone.

1, Wright; 2, Nethersole; 3, Freear; 4, Mrs. Tree; 5, Carlisle; 6, Warner; 7, Mollison; 8, May; 9, Pounds; 10, Brooke; 11, Love; 12, Brayton; 13, Playfair; 14, Barrett; 15, Haydon; 16, Milward; 17, Kerr; 18, Welch; 19, Brown-Potter; 20, Benson; 21, Roberts; 22, Cooper; 23, Reeve; 24, Ashwell; 25, Achurch; 26, Passmore; 27, Jay; 28, Collier; 29, Emery; 30, Haro; 31, Payne; 32, Seymour; 33, Moody; 34, Waring; 35, Jeffries; 36, Palfrey;

MONEY IN ROYAL LETTERS.

What some of Royalty's Epistles have been Sold for.

WHERE are all the letters penned by our royalties? If they could be called in, and there must be hundreds of them lying about somewhere, they would represent a considerable fortune.

The other day some written by the King and by the late Queen were disposed of under the hammer. Six of his Majesty's fetched £2 1s. 5d. each. They were penned between the years 1857 and 1878.

A batch of four written by Queen Victoria between the years 1830 and 1839 and addressed to her aunt, Princess Sophia of Gloucester, realised £5 13s. 3d. apiece.

There was one the late Sovereign wrote in French, dated from "Chateau de Windsor, 6th Fbre, 1839," which realised a still higher figure, being knocked down for £6.

At a previous auction three epistles, addressed by the late Queen to different persons, fetched various prices. One in French, written to the King of Holland, and dated April 1st, 1860, was run up to £7 15s. The second, written in German, but addressed to a French duchess, found a purchaser at £2 12s. only; while the third, a very brief note, was sold for £1.

Two letters of the late Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, singular to say, when disposed of by auction some three years ago, only realised £1 apiece. At this same sale a letter of the Queen's was sold for £2.

A letter of George III., addressed to the Duke of Portland, and dated May 17th, 1783, only fetched thirty shillings, but there were only a few buyers present at this sale which may account for the low price.

The letters of Queen Elizabeth stand high. One of hers, addressed to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated February 15th, 1569, and signed "Elizabeth R." was knocked down some three and a half years ago for £12 10s. But one that was written by the Consort of James II. (Queen Marie D'Este), and addressed to the Archbishop of Athens after the death of the King, exchanged hands for £15 10s.

The highest price, speaking generally, ever realised at a sale of letters written by historical personages was on that occasion when a letter penned by the hand of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots produced £96.

Next on the list in point of dearness was the letter written by the Young Pretender, dated August 14th, 1745, and addressed to a follower of the familiar name of Peter Smith, which was sold for £72.

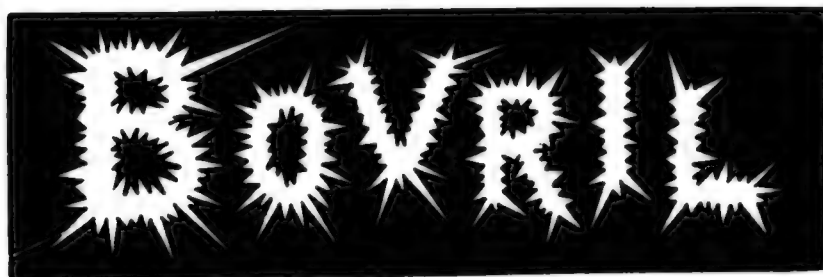
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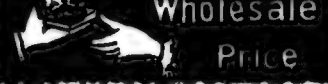
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But write for the Lady's "GREENWICH" Watch, stating full Name, Occupation, Address, and mention *Pearson's Weekly*. The Watch is forwarded on approval for seven days. In order to afford an opportunity for TRIAL, COMPARISON, VALUATION, or any other test. If satisfactory, purchase can be completed by ten monthly payments of 2s. each for the Silver Watch at £1 10 0, or ten monthly payments of 7s. each for the Gold Watch at £3 10 0. If cash in full is paid within seven days a discount of 2s. in the £ may be deducted. This offer is only made to responsible persons, and applicants under 21 years of age must obtain their parents' sanction to the transaction.

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DEWSBURY might have been the proud equal of Leeds and Bradford, so far as eminence in the manufacture of cloth is concerned, had it not in an evil hour for itself discovered shoddy.

Not that the Dewsburians speak of "shoddy." Oh, dear no! To them, the substance for the making of which their town has attained a not altogether enviable notoriety is known as "artificial wool." But the outside world persists in calling it shoddy; so shoddy it is, from John O'Groats to Land's End, and Dewsbury is the metropolis of Shoddydom.

Thither is carried by steamer and sailing-ship, by railway and canal, the discarded wearing-apparel of every race and tongue. A visit to its factories discloses strange sights. Here are substantial woollen rags from Scotland, the best in the world; there vile trash from Egypt, Algeria, or Turkey. There is the blanket of a Bedouin; here the braided tunic of a French chasseur. You rip open a bale at random, and drag out a whole billiard cloth. Rags, rejected by every other place on the habitable globe, are eagerly welcomed at Dewsbury, for from them it extracts such measure of prosperity as it enjoys.

Nor is this prosperity by any means insignificant. Dewsbury makes money. It has even attained a reputation of a sort. But it is, after all is said and done, the reputation of the ragman. No one speaks with pride of Dewsbury's productions. No dealers handle them lovingly, as they do the broadcloths of Leeds, or the velvets of Lyons. Even her own children refuse to buy of her wares, being too well acquainted with the interior economy of the method of their manufacture. In short, the career of Dewsbury, as a first-class manufacturing city, has been ruined by an apparent success.

THE DECAY OF VENTNOR.

Ventnor is, perhaps, naturally one of the most charming watering-places in England. The adjacent scenery is romantic and beautiful almost beyond conception, with its undercliff, its chines, and its wave-lapped coves. Its climate, too, is almost perfect, for the town lies in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, which shuts it off entirely from the cold north and east winds, and also from the blustering westerly gales, leaving it open only to the soft southern zephyrs.

Yet with all these inherited advantages, Ventnor is a ghastly failure—is a might-have-been; and all because in its early, callow, uninformed days, it advertised itself as a sanatorium for consumptives. It even—such was its blindness—tried to attract the unhappy consumptive to its midst, and to that end built a beautiful hospital there. Now Ventnor has discovered, too late, that where the consumptive goeth there the ordinary visitor is conspicuous by his absence. And, worse still, it is beginning to realize that this prejudice will increase rather than die away, now that medical science has demonstrated that consumption is almost as infectious as scarlet fever—and about ten times as deadly.

Mention its reputation as a sanatorium for consumptives to a Ventnorian to-day, and he will throw a brick at you. Nor is Ventnor alone in this respect. Mentone, once proud of its title of "the consumptive's paradise," has recently awakened to the fact that healthy persons are becoming more and more averse to living in proximity to tuberculous patients; with the result that the hotel proprietors there have passed a resolution declaring that in future they will refuse admission to visitors afflicted with the disease.

BOGUS BUTTERFLIES RUINED A TOWN.

Vast quantities of beautiful butterflies used to come from Pensacola, in Florida. The insects swarm throughout the Everglades, which extend for hundreds of miles to the south of the town, and used to be caught and brought into the city by the Indians in almost incredible numbers. But the demand from the naturalists and collectors of Europe exceeded the supply, at all events, so far as the rarer varieties were concerned; and Pensacola, thereupon, did a very wrong and exceedingly foolish thing. She started making artificial butterflies; and she did it so cleverly and so successfully, that before she was found out, the thing had developed into quite a science. Certain ordinary varieties of butterflies were caught and killed, and a very thin gum or paste was spread over their wings. Upon this, before it had time to dry, metallic powders of various hues were sprinkled, and by this dextrous manipulation a common butterfly was transformed into one that was extremely rare.

But Pensacola was found out, as wrongdoers invariably are in the long run; and the European butterfly-importers now look askance at anything in their line which hails from there. Consequently, not only is the artificial butterfly trade a dead industry, but the trade in real insects has been reduced to vanishing

point. Pensacola's success, supplemented by Pensacola's chicanery, has ruined Pensacola.

Still more tragic is the story of the babies' rattles, and the downfall of Florence. Less than a decade ago, this stately Italian city made practically all the babies' rattles for the Continental and British market; using principally, in the manufacture thereof, ivory, bone, coral and silver.

Now round Florence there grows, in countless numbers, a certain species of iris, the underground stems of which have long been known to trade as orris-root, a sweet-smelling and exceedingly beautiful substance. One day it occurred to an enterprising Florentine to manufacture this root into babies' rattles—and the idea took on. But the older members of the trade shook their heads, declared that the rattles had always been made of ivory, bone, and coral, and should continue to be so made, or they would know the reason why. And the inventor, finding Florence too hot to hold him, migrated to Leghorn, taking his new industry with him.

WHY RATTLES COME FROM LEGHORN.

The result is seen to-day, when the old-fashioned rattle is quite superseded—on the Continent, at all events—by the new "orris fingers," or "dentarnolas," as they are indifferently called. The juice of the fragrant root is absorbed in sucking, assists teething, and is said to be an excellent digestive; and the extent to which the fad has caught on may be judged from the fact that, last year, half-a-million of them were exported from Leghorn to Germany and Austria alone. Meanwhile, the out-of-date Florentine "corals" are sucked only by the Florentine babies, and the silver bells with which they are garnished tinnabulate solely for the delectation of Florentine children.

On the Great North Road, between Huntingdon and Peterborough, is a little deserted-looking village, Stilton by name. Once Stilton was a much more flourishing place than it now is, and did an excellent trade in the cheese which takes its name from it. But so famous did the cheese eventually become, and so great was the demand for it that other towns began making it; and, moreover, made it cheaper and better than did the Stiltonians. The result was that not only did Stilton not gain anything by the popularity of its cheese, but its own local trade was filched from it, and by degrees disappeared, so that at the present day there is produced there only a quite insignificant quantity of the article which has made its name known to gourmands throughout the civilised world.

IN THE LAND OF CHEESES.

Curiously enough, too, Roquefort, in France, has also fallen from its old-time importance as a great cheese-producing centre, but owing to a slightly different combination of causes from those which brought about Stilton's downfall. Roquefort cheese used to be made from ewe's milk, and was matured in the caves of Roquefort, where a uniform low temperature is found throughout the year. When it became famous, however, and the demand exceeded the supply, it was quickly discovered that it could be made equally well from cow's milk chemically treated after a certain fashion, and that the finished product could be ripened quicker and more effectually in prepared chambers than in the famous caves. But Roquefort would hear of no such innovation, and the peasants actually attacked and destroyed a model cheese factory, which had been erected in their midst by an enterprising Parisian firm.

The result, of course, was exactly what might have been foreseen. Factories, for producing the popular dainty on the newest and most approved principles, were established elsewhere in France, and Roquefort awoke one fine morning to discover that its glory had departed, together with the monopoly of the gastronomic speciality which it had fondly believed to be its very own for all time.

He: "My heart is thine."

She: "What in the world do you think I want with a cigarette heart?"

THE teacher asked the scholars to write a sentence in which the word "chaste" was used.

Johnny Wise, who keeps posted on current events, wrote: "De Wet is the most chaste man there is."

PROFESSOR (to medical student): "Mr. Doselets, will you please name the bones of the skull?"

Student (perplexed): "I've got them all in my head, professor, but I can't think of the names at the moment."

MRS. PETERBY (to new servant): "The last servant had a habit of going into the parlour with her young man and sitting there the whole evening. Have you a young man?"

New Servant: "No, mum, but I might get one with such inducements offered."

THE wife of a man, who often finds it cheaper to move than pay rent, recently misplaced her thimble, and was considerably annoyed over her unsuccessful search for it.

"Never mind, mamma," said her little daughter, reassuringly; "we'll find it when we move."

MUSINGS OF A MICROBE.

By a Genial Germ.

I TELL you, the life of a microbe is not a happy one. There was a time when we had everything to ourselves. For countless centuries we romped about the world giving people diseases by the thousand, and no one knew anything about us. If a germ met a billion or so of his pals, and they wanted a spree, they would think nothing of dropping in on some human and giving him typhoid or small-pox. It was a mere matter of every-day procedure.

Then some prying old fellow with blue spectacles constructed a thing called a microscope and discovered all about us. He caught a million of my ancestors loafing about in a glass of water. Until then, no one had known anything about water being a playground for animalculæ. Oh, I tell you it was just fine being a microbe—then. Life was full of change and excitement. One moment you would be lying about in a glass of water, the next exploring the interior of some human body.

Others, perhaps, would be strolling round in millions near some drain-pipe or sewage output waiting for someone to turn up, and then, hey presto! some infernal creature with a most receptive soil would come along, and our crowd would set to work and give him diphtheria. And try as they might, nobody had the faintest idea what it was that gave them these diseases.

But now, owing to that prying microscope a microbe can't call its soul its own. If a gang of germs go hunting round for someone to infest, they can't do it without the knowledge that some miserable scientific chap is watching their every movement, and preparing all sorts of horrible things called disinfectants, antiseptics and the like to interfere with a bit of harmful enjoyment.

Seeing that things have got to such a state I may as well tell you all about ourselves and yourselves, so that we may understand each other. I do not know if you are aware of it, but your body is nothing more nor less than a sort of metropolis for microbes. You are nothing but millions of little cells joined together, in which germs go house-hunting.

Of course, different microbes have different tastes. There is the tuberculosis germ, which prefers your lungs as a place of residence. Of course, not all of you have lungs which are congenial to the tuberculosis germ. Only those who are consumptive suit it, so it spends its life hunting round for people with consumption in their systems, and when it finds them, well, it's unfortunate for them.

Then there are typhoid, cholera, malaria, leprosy, scarlet fever, measles, and hundreds of other germs, some quite obscure ones. The latter carry on little intrigues on their own, and work out nice little diseases which they "kid" themselves are mighty original. But the above mentioned are the most celebrated microbes.

A microbe is an idealist—like the painter or the philosopher. Its whole life is spent seeking an ideal dwelling-place. These should be the cells of your body, but very few of them are really fit for residence. We can't stand healthy people. They simply kill us. A diphtheria microbe spends its time hunting about for throats, the only locality which gives it the accommodation it requires.

The thing began like this: The original microbes started on a tour of exploration just like your colonists. They went round trying to find fruitful soil. So did we. Some of us found we could only live in the throat, some in the lungs, some in the stomach, some in the brain—the latter are the aristocracy of bacteria.

When each kind of germ discovered which soil suited it best, it stopped there, and multiplied, until the individual died. That's how we got our particular fancies in the way of disease, and, of course, time has produced all sorts of fresh species, which have discovered new and original methods of infesting human beings and animals.

What am I, you ask? I am a small-pox germ. I'm stopping in London just at present. Now, don't look so scared and run away. I don't want to inhabit your cells—you've been vaccinated. Besides there's a man passing who hasn't, and I rather fancy him, so I'll just join my crowd and infest him. May see you later, if your vaccination doesn't take. So long!

EVERY READER A WRITER.

If you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper, together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "Home." Should you discover in your morning paper a paragraph dealing with a subject on which you would like to see an article written, send it in. It will receive just the same consideration as if it were a manuscript idea.

If the idea which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea. If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us naturally he cannot expect payment.



ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

To Darn Table Linen use unravelled threads from some old linen, and the worn places will not show after washing.

Butterscotch. Put one pound of brown sugar into a preserving pan, and beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream. When the sugar is dissolved, add the butter and keep stirring the mixture over the fire till it sets when dropped into cold water. Just before the butterscotch is done add a little essence of lemon. Butter a dish, pour the mixture on it and when cool it will turn out. (Reply to S. E.)

A Good Milk Biscuit is made as follows: Warm two ounces of fresh butter in a gill of milk and with it make a pound of dried flour into a stiff dough. Beat with a rolling-pin, and work it very smooth. Roll out to an eighth of an inch thick, cut into small round cakes, prick each with a fork, and bake for ten minutes in a brisk oven, watching so that the biscuits do not take colour.

Hot Pot is probably the recipe you require. Cut one pound of beef and one pound of mutton into neat pieces, dip each into seasoned flour. Place half of the meat at the bottom of the dish, then a layer of sliced onion and one pound of sliced and parboiled potatoes. Repeat the layers, pour over half a pint of stock or water, and cover all with greased paper. Bake in a slow oven for two hours, then remove the paper and allow the top layer of potatoes to brown. Cold cooked meat may be used instead of fresh, and it makes a really good dish. (Reply to AMBLE.)

Make Fire Balls with your Small coal by mixing it with just sufficient clay to bind it. Equal proportions of clay and coal dust are used by Welsh cottagers, but where there is plenty of coal dust, work in as much as the damp clay will take up. Make the balls about the size of oranges, and set to dry. These will burn well, and give out great heat when placed with a few lumps of coal on an ordinary fire. When clay is not easily procured, the small coal should be worked together with paraffin, or other mineral oil. These naturally burn very well, and can be used directly they are made, and are useful for lighting a fire when there is a scarcity of lumps of coal. (Reply to L. E. B.)

Yorkshire Tea Cakes. Take half-an-ounce of German yeast and cream it with a good teaspoonful of caster sugar. Dissolve one ounce of lard or beef dripping in a saucepan, add one gill and a half of milk to it and make all lukewarm. Have three-quarters of a pound of flour in a basin, pour the yeast and milk through a strainer into the flour, add a beaten egg and work all together. Flour a board, turn the dough on to it, beat it, and cut into cakes; grease a baking-sheet and put the cakes on it, and stand by the fire for quite an hour to rise. Then bake in a good steady oven for fifteen minutes. (Reply to A. M. M.)

Why Leave your Fine Needlework until the summer? A good many people do, but that is no reason why you should. It is infinitely more comfortable to do fine needlework now than it will be later on, when the heat invariably causes hot hands, sticky needles, and soiled work. A simple camisole is always in demand, and a more pleasing design than that shown in the margin I have not seen for a very long time. In order to carry out this style you will require one yard and a half of thirty-inch nainsook, also some lace for yoke and sleeves, or you could make it of flannelette, cutting it high in the neck. Space prevents my giving further particulars here, but you will find all information, together with a pattern of the camisole, in HOME NOTES this week. It is published on Friday, price 1d.



here, but you will find all information, together with a pattern of the camisole, in HOME NOTES this week. It is published on Friday, price 1d.

Mirrors which are fly-specked should be washed in cold water and then polished with a chamois leather dipped in alcohol.

Respecting Answers to Correspondents. If a name and address are given I can always give an answer or explanation; but when correspondents write several times giving no address, and their inquiry is not suitable for this column, I cannot answer them. Your address has not reached me again. (Reply to M. A. L.)

This Chilblain Remedy is recommended by a lady correspondent who has suffered from chilblains for many years. Take equal quantities of glycerine, rosewater, and spirits of camphor. Mix all together thoroughly, shake the bottle always before using. Apply a little to the hands after washing them during the day and at bedtime. (Thanks to MISS BROOKLANDS.)

The Fruit Salt Recipe you have lost is as follows: Take half-an-ounce of Epsom salts, one ounce each of bicarbonate of soda, tartaric acid, cream of tartar and citrate of magnesia, with four ounces of best caster sugar. Dry the ingredients by slow heat, then pound in a mortar; afterwards pass twice through a wire sieve and put into stoppered bottles. (Reply to HAZEL.)

Home Made Bread is more economical as it is more satisfying, but unless it is carefully used there will be more scraps and waste with it than with bakers' bread. A very good cottage cook once told me that if she had not baked at home for her large family, she would never have kept them in bread on her husband's wages. (Reply to SUE.)

White Cashmere Gloves, if carefully washed by this recipe, will prove most economical and look far better than soiled kid. Take curd or buttermilk soap, a little powdered borax and salt, make a good lather with the soap, and rub the gloves in it, using a nail brush for the dirty marks at the finger tips. Rinse in a little warm water, and hang in the air on a towel. These will look well after many washings. (Thanks to MEADOW.)

A Christmas Cake. Take one pound each of flour, butter, caster sugar, sultanas, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half-a-pound of mixed peel, and a teaspoonful of grated cinnamon. Cream the butter and sugar together first, then add half-a-dozen well-beaten eggs and a glass of brandy. Stir in gradually the dry ingredients, beat all thoroughly together, and bake in a moderate oven for two and a half or three hours. This cake improves by keeping, and should be iced just before it is used.

To Preserve Seaweed. First wash the seaweed in fresh water and then spread it in its natural form on blotting-paper. Put more blotting-paper over it and press between two boards. For very delicate kinds of seaweed it is best to put thin muslin over it before the blotting-paper. Dry the blotting-paper each day till all the moisture is absorbed from the weed. Set a fair lump of gum mastic into a bottle and fill it up with spirits of turpentine, keeping it all in a warm place till dissolved. Brush the seaweed over with the preparation, which will cause it to retain a fresh appearance. (Reply to SIESSIE.)

Cleaning Lace Curtains. Lace curtains should be carefully washed in a lather, not wrung out, but allowed to drip from rinsing water, and then starched in fairly thick boiled starch, to which a little borax must be added. Again do not wring out, but press out the starch. Have a room swept clean—if carpeted, all the better—spread out upon the floor a sheet, on which place the curtains, smoothly pinning the sheet at the edges with large pins, as you would a crumblcloth. It will produce excellent results if properly done; indeed, curtains look better when so dried than when ironed. If not convenient to use the floor, careful mangling will do. (Reply to MACKAY.)

The Peel of Lemons should always be taken off very thinly before the fruit is squeezed. Hang these pieces of peel in a paper bag till dry enough to be pounded, and then use for flavouring puddings, stews, and cakes. The thinly-peeled rinds of fresh lemons chopped finely make a pretty garnish for salad and cold meat cookery, especially when mixed with chopped parsley. If you are pressed for time dry the peels in a cool oven. Suet puddings flavoured with this dried peel are excellent, so are apple tarts, stewed prunes, minced veal, etc. If a jar of the dried peels is kept at hand it will constantly be found useful. Again, steeped in vinegar the freshly chopped peel is a good flavouring to soups and gravies. Peel the lemons when you are not busy, so as to have one or two by you. The white pith is sufficient protection for the fruit. (Reply to K. M. C.)

Isobel

DOES MARRIAGE KILL AMBITION?

With the Ordinary Sort of Man—Yes!

THE oft-quoted saying of Bacon, "He that hath a wife hath given hostages to fortune," bears on its face a solemn truth the reality of which few people will attempt to deny. Whenever he is tempted to change his career or mode of life the Benedict must needs look over his leaps. It is left to the bachelor to leap first, and look behind him afterwards.

Of the many roads that lead to prospective fortune there may be one or many open to a married man, who may think that he sees in it the prospect of gaining that which he wants; but he feels that there is a something which holds him back, and, fearful of failure, he hesitates to go on.

The chance of success, perhaps, may almost be assured if he dare only have the pluck to go for it. But what makes him hesitate? Why, his ties of marriage; his wife and family, in other words, Bacon's "hostages." A husband, and perchance a father, he must act his part in life with extreme prudence and discretion, lest he with his wife and family come to grief, no matter what chance may hold out to him so coaxingly.

The housewife and mother likes certainty. She has a horror of the uncertain state, and bases her philosophical attitude on the principle that half-a-loaf is better than no bread at all. But the bachelor can go ahead and follow the invitation of ambition without having any fear of losing even the half-loaf, in case of failure in the project he takes up. The conjugal state, then, surely, it must be said, somewhat hinders ambitious progress. Few women are optimists. Optimism is, generally speaking, one of the many failings of men. Let the average ambitious man conceive a plan for making money quickly, by some way no other man dreamt of before, and his fatal optimism will conjure up before his mind visions of marble halls and the biggest banking account in the country. But not so the wife.

Her dreams are very different. While admiring the ambitious husband who builds these unstable castles, she tells him that neither she nor her children can live in phantom buildings simply upon air. She looks at the practical side of life. The other side is too aerial, too flimsical. She repels the advance of her husband towards ambition, and the golden paths that lead to imaginary marble halls, only for his own sake, lest failure in the journey onwards overtake him and destroy her little certainty. Is she not right? Is not the humble cottage which substantially exists, and in which she lives, preferable to the phantasmagoria of aerial castles? Nine out of ten persons will say—yes.

Now we must draw a line—a very determined line—between exertion and ambition. The pressure of family responsibilities often drives a man to exert himself far more than in his younger and single-blessed days; but whether he takes a real natural pride, an ambitious pride, in what he does is another matter, and this is where the crucial point comes in. There is a vast difference between ambition and exertion. To exert himself is the compulsory lot of the married man, but to be ambitious depends largely upon, and is the outcome of, his own free will. The trite question is, therefore, does the married man avail himself of ambitious opportunities so often as he might, and presumably would do, if he were not married?

It must be borne in mind that the man who aspires to reach the goal of ambition must needs have his freedom unfettered, but if he be chained to "hostages" his freedom is gone. Some people may say: "Oh, but luck has a lot to do with a man's success, whether he be married or not." That may be true, or not, but it does not alter the fact that in the vast majority of instances marriage hinders the ambitious progress of most men.

If the married state does not wholly extinguish ambition it restrains it considerably. How many men have, over and over again, hoped to gain some great object, the acquisition of which, probably, would have secured for them wealth and status, but have been held back by the fear of failure and consequent domestic destruction? He fears to attempt anything of an ambitious nature having but the element of a doubt in it.

Wolsey tells us to "fling away ambition," but the wisdom of that advice is open to question. Let the married man be ambitious by all means, should his marital responsibilities be not great; but the man of large family and small income will find on reflection that it won't pay him to "rush in where angels fear to tread."

What Sort of a Girl Are You?

It is always interesting to know other people's opinion of yourself, especially when that opinion is absolutely unbiased.

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lb. 810.4 lb. 812.4 lb. 814.4 lb. 816.4 lb. 818.4 lb. 820.4 lb. 822.4 lb. 824.4 lb. 826.4 lb. 828.4 lb. 830.4 lb. 832.4 lb. 834.4 lb. 836.4 lb. 838.4 lb. 840.4 lb. 842.4 lb. 844.4 lb. 846.4 lb. 848.4 lb. 850.4 lb. 852.4 lb. 854.4 lb. 856.4 lb. 858.4 lb. 860.4 lb. 862.4 lb. 864.4 lb. 866.4 lb. 868.4 lb. 870.4 lb. 872.4 lb. 874.4 lb. 876.4 lb. 878.4 lb. 880.4 lb. 882.4 lb. 884.4 lb. 886.4 lb. 888.4 lb. 890.4 lb. 892.4 lb. 894.4 lb. 896.4 lb. 898.4 lb. 900.4 lb. 902.4 lb. 904.4 lb. 906.4 lb. 908.4 lb. 910.4 lb. 912.4 lb. 914.4 lb. 916.4 lb. 918.4 lb. 920.4 lb. 922.4 lb. 924.4 lb. 926.4 lb. 928.4 lb. 930.4 lb. 932.4 lb. 934.4 lb. 936.4 lb. 938.4 lb. 940.4 lb. 942.4 lb. 944.4 lb. 946.4 lb. 948.4 lb. 950.4 lb. 952.4 lb. 954.4 lb. 956.4 lb. 958.4 lb. 960.4 lb. 962.4 lb. 964.4 lb. 966.4 lb. 968.4 lb. 970.4 lb. 972.4 lb. 974.4 lb. 976.4 lb. 978.4 lb. 980.4 lb. 982.4 lb. 984.4 lb. 986.4 lb. 988.4 lb. 990.4 lb. 992.4 lb. 994.4 lb. 996.4 lb. 998.4 lb. 1000.4 lb. 1002.4 lb. 1004.4 lb. 1006.4 lb. 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1554.4 lb. 1556.4 lb. 1558.4 lb. 1560.4 lb. 1562.4 lb. 1564.4 lb. 1566.4 lb. 1568.4 lb. 1570.4 lb. 1572.4 lb. 1574.4 lb. 1576.4 lb. 1578.4 lb. 1580.4 lb. 1582.4 lb. 1584.4 lb. 1586.4 lb. 1588.4 lb. 1590.4 lb. 1592.4 lb. 1594.4 lb. 1596.4 lb. 1598.4 lb. 1600.4 lb. 1602.4 lb. 1604.4 lb. 1606.4 lb. 1608.4 lb. 1610.4 lb. 1612.4 lb. 1614.4 lb. 1616.4 lb. 1618.4 lb. 1620.4 lb. 1622.4 lb. 1624.4 lb. 1626.4 lb. 1628.4 lb. 1630.4 lb. 1632.4 lb. 1634.4 lb. 1636.4 lb. 1638.4 lb. 1640.4 lb. 1642.4 lb. 1644.4 lb. 1646.4 lb. 1648.4 lb. 1650.4 lb. 1652.4 lb. 1654.4 lb. 1656.4 lb. 1658.4 lb. 1660.4 lb. 1662.4 lb. 1664.4 lb. 1666.4 lb. 1668.4 lb. 1670.4 lb. 1672.4 lb. 1674.4 lb. 1676.4 lb. 1678.4 lb. 1680.4 lb. 1682.4 lb. 1684.4 lb. 1686.4 lb. 1688.4 lb. 1690.4 lb. 1692.4 lb. 1694.4 lb. 1696.4 lb. 1698.4 lb. 1700.4 lb. 1702.4 lb. 1704.4 lb. 1706.4 lb. 1708.4 lb. 1710.4 lb. 1712.4 lb. 1714.4 lb. 1716.4 lb. 1718.4 lb. 1720.4 lb. 1722.4 lb. 1724.4 lb. 1726.4 lb. 1728.4 lb. 1730.4 lb. 1732.4 lb. 1734.4 lb. 1736.4 lb. 1738.4 lb. 1740.4 lb. 1742.4 lb. 1744.4 lb. 1746.4 lb. 1748.4 lb. 1750.4 lb. 1752.4 lb. 1754.4 lb. 1756.4 lb. 1758.4 lb. 1760.4 lb. 1762.4 lb. 1764.4 lb. 1766.4 lb. 1768.4 lb. 1770.4 lb. 1772.4 lb. 1774.4 lb. 1776.4 lb. 1778.4 lb. 1780.4 lb. 1782.4 lb. 1784.4 lb. 1786.4 lb. 1788.4 lb. 1790.4 lb. 1792.4 lb. 1794.4 lb. 1796.4 lb. 1798.4 lb. 1800.4 lb. 1802.4 lb. 1804.4 lb. 1806.4 lb. 1808.4 lb. 1810.4 lb. 1812.4 lb. 1814.4 lb. 1816.4 lb. 1818.4 lb. 1820.4 lb. 1822.4 lb. 1824.4 lb. 1826.4 lb. 1828.4 lb. 1830.4 lb. 1832.4 lb. 1834.4 lb. 1836.4 lb. 1838.4 lb. 1840.4 lb. 1842.4 lb. 1844.4 lb. 1846.4 lb. 1848.4 lb. 1850.4 lb. 1852.4 lb. 1854.4 lb. 1856.4 lb. 1858.4 lb. 1860.4 lb. 1862.4 lb. 1864.4 lb. 1866.4 lb. 1868.4 lb. 1870.4 lb. 1872.4 lb. 1874.4 lb. 1876.4 lb. 1878.4 lb. 1880.4 lb. 1882.4 lb. 1884.4 lb. 1886.4 lb. 1888.4 lb. 1890.4 lb. 1892.4 lb. 1894.4 lb. 1896.4 lb. 1898.4 lb. 1900.4 lb. 1902.4 lb. 1904.4 lb. 1906.4 lb. 1908.4 lb. 1910.4 lb. 1912.4 lb. 1914.4 lb. 1916.4 lb. 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2100.4 lb. 2102.4 lb. 2104.4 lb. 2106.4 lb. 2108.4 lb. 2110.4 lb. 2112.4 lb. 2114.4 lb. 2116.4 lb. 2118.4 lb. 2120.4 lb. 2122.4 lb. 2124.4 lb. 2126.4 lb. 2128.4 lb. 2130.4 lb. 2132.4 lb. 2134.4 lb. 2136.4 lb. 2138.4 lb. 2140.4 lb. 2142.4 lb. 2144.4 lb. 2146.4 lb. 2148.4 lb. 2150.4 lb. 2152.4 lb. 2154.4 lb. 2156.4 lb. 2158.4 lb. 2160.4 lb. 2162.4 lb. 2164.4 lb. 2166.4 lb. 2168.4 lb. 2170.4 lb. 2172.4 lb. 2174.4 lb. 2176.4 lb. 2178.4 lb. 2180.4 lb. 2182.4 lb. 2184.4 lb. 2186.4 lb. 2188.4 lb. 2190.4 lb. 2192.4 lb. 2194.4 lb. 2196.4 lb. 2198.4 lb. 2200.4 lb. 2202.4 lb. 2204.4 lb. 2206.4 lb. 2208.4 lb. 2210.4 lb. 2212.4 lb. 2214.4 lb. 2216.4 lb. 2218.4 lb. 2220.4 lb. 2222.4 lb. 2224.4 lb. 2226.4 lb. 2228.4 lb. 2230.4 lb. 2232.4 lb. 2234.4 lb. 2236.4 lb. 2238.4 lb. 2240.4 lb. 2242.4 lb. 2244.4 lb. 2246.4 lb. 2248.4 lb. 2250.4 lb. 2252.4 lb. 2254.4 lb. 2256.4 lb. 2258.4 lb. 2260.4 lb. 2262.4 lb. 2264.4 lb. 2266.4 lb. 2268.4 lb. 2270.4 lb. 2272.4 lb. 2274.4 lb. 2276.4 lb. 2278.4 lb. 2280.4 lb. 2282.4 lb. 2284.4 lb. 2286.4 lb. 2288.4 lb. 2290.4 lb. 2292.4 lb. 2294.4 lb. 2296.4 lb. 2298.4 lb. 2300.4 lb. 2302.4 lb. 2304.4 lb. 2306.4 lb. 2308.4 lb. 2310.4 lb. 2312.4 lb. 2314.4 lb. 2316.4 lb. 2318.4 lb. 2320.4 lb. 2322.4 lb. 2324.4 lb. 2326.4 lb. 2328.4 lb. 2330.4 lb. 2332.4 lb. 2334.4 lb. 2336.4 lb. 2338.4 lb. 2340.4 lb. 2342.4 lb. 2344.4 lb. 2346.4 lb. 2348.4 lb. 2350.4 lb. 2352.4 lb. 2354.4 lb. 2356.4 lb. 2358.4 lb. 2360.4 lb. 2362.4 lb. 2364.4 lb. 2366.4 lb. 2368.4 lb. 2370.4 lb. 2372.4 lb. 2374.4 lb. 2376.4 lb. 2378.4 lb. 2380.4 lb. 2382.4 lb. 2384.4 lb. 2386.4 lb. 2388.4 lb. 2390.4 lb. 2392.4 lb. 2394.4 lb. 2396.4 lb. 2398.4 lb. 2400.4 lb. 2402.4 lb. 2404.4 lb. 2406.4 lb. 2408.4 lb. 2410.4 lb. 2412.4 lb. 2414.4 lb. 2416.4 lb. 2418.4 lb. 2420.4 lb. 2422.4 lb. 2424.4 lb. 2426.4 lb. 2428.4 lb. 2430.4 lb. 2432.4 lb. 2434.4 lb. 2436.4 lb. 2438.4 lb. 2440.4 lb. 2442.4 lb. 2444.4 lb. 2446.4 lb. 2448.4 lb. 2450.4 lb. 2452.4 lb. 2454.4 lb. 2456.4 lb. 2458.4 lb. 2460.4 lb. 2462.4 lb. 2464.4 lb. 2466.4 lb. 2468.4 lb. 2470.4 lb. 2472.4 lb. 2474.4 lb. 2476.4 lb. 2478.4 lb. 2480.4 lb. 2482.4 lb. 2484.4 lb. 2486.4 lb. 2488.4 lb. 2490.4 lb. 2492.4 lb. 2494

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

NEXT week I shall give readers a new form of competition which ought to prove very interesting. With the wide and varied experience in matters of war which this country has enjoyed during the past two years, it should be no difficult matter for every reader to use his discretion as to how he would proceed in the deplorable event of an invading foe approaching his town or village. I know what I would do. I would just grab all my letters and scuttle off as far inland as possible, and sit down behind the biggest haystack I could find until the trouble blew over; but, of course, I don't suppose that any reader of P.W. would be such an arrant coward. Therefore, in this competition, we place him in command of 30 sharpshooters, and instruct him to stop the advance of the on-coming foe. He has to place his men in the very best position. The expert whose decision is to be taken as final in this matter is a British officer whose judgment, I feel sure, no one will be inclined to question.

It appears that the reason why handles are not universally placed on the inside of railway carriages is on account of the risks run by children, who will tamper with them while the train is in motion. The best sort of handle seems to be that, now used on a good many lines, consisting of a square, sunken plate with a sliding bar. To open the door you pull back the bar and hold it until the door is wide open. If you let the bar go directly you push the door, there is a little catch which prevents it being opened further, so that, although a child may tamper with a door and even unlatch it, there is little chance of it opening more than a few inches. I sent Mr. P. Doubledou down to examine that wonderful new train on the S. E. & C. R. of which I spoke before, and he found that it is fitted up with handles of this description. But even the best handles are abused, and a trick you can play is to insert a halfpenny between the sliding bar and the side of the plate, when you don't want anyone to open the door from the outside. Then you can go on reading your paper with an expression of guileless innocence that would lead the struggling passenger outside to believe that you of all people had least to do with the troublesome handle.

W. S. P. was playing a game of ping-pong the other night when a curious thing happened. A served the ball to B. B returned the ball over the net with such a screw that the ball bounced back into B's court. He now wants to know who ought to have scored the point?—I put this exciting problem to two or three members of the staff. The Cashier worked it out on a large sheet of paper, covered with figures and diagrams, and proved, to his own satisfaction, after three hours' hard work, that the ball could not possibly be screwed back in this way. The Joke Editor thought that if a ball got screwed as badly as that, it ought to be made to sign the pledge. However, to settle the matter, I dropped a line to Mr. Mewburn, who is the Honorary Secretary of the Lawn-Tennis Association, and asked his opinion so far as tennis is concerned, for the same rule would apply in ping-pong. In his reply he says: "In the case of B returning a serve over the net, but with such a screw on that the ball bounces back into his own court, the point counts to B, assuming that A did not touch the ball. A could have followed the ball with his racquet over the net, and then hit it (assuming that he did not touch the net), and it would have been a good return." So there, W. S. P., the question is settled.

"I FIND it an awful bore," writes Gussie, "having to talk to people who are my intellectual inferiors; but I have not quite made up my mind whether it is the correct thing to show my displeasure, or whether I should try to conceal it. The average man doesn't seem able to discuss interesting topics like theosophy, or political economy. 89 out of every 100 men I meet display the greatest ignorance regarding these matters, and want to talk about their dogs and their brand of tobacco."—It is, of course, unfortunate that so highly intellectual an individual as yourself should be compelled to associate with men who are so much your mental inferior; but then, of course, the standard of what is interesting and what is not varies with the individual, and there is no more harm in a man considering the subject of dogs or tobacco interesting than it is for a man of your wonderful brain capacity to regard such topics as deadly dull. If you were to be brought into contact with me, and exhibited the slightest indication of boredom when I began to talk about such ordinary topics as my dogs, I am afraid I should be compelled to regard you as you seem to regard others whose topic of conversation does not agree with your own. You must understand that everybody's brain is not constructed in the same way as yours, and, after all, you ought to be delighted to think that there are so many people in this world inferior to yourself. It gives you a so much better chance.

I AM constantly receiving complaints from readers who say that they are unable to obtain copies of SHORT STORIES, for the good and sufficient reason that their newsagent is sold out when they arrive at his shop. I would remind such readers that the average newsagent does not keep a large stock of papers on hand, and that in order to avoid disappointment in cases of this sort it is advisable to ask your newsagent to be sure and have a copy for you by next Tuesday. This he will gladly do, and then there won't be any necessity for you to be disappointed.

No KAY is dead against using the letter "k" in forming affixes to the words "traffic" or "bivouac." He holds that in the present participles of these words the spelling should not be "trafficking" and "bivouacking," but "trafficing" and "bivouacing."

As the dictionary gives "k" as correct, I don't see that there is anything to quarrel with. Dictionaries are not too prone to keep pace with public necessities, and when they do, I don't think we need worry about correctness. In the case of the words you mention, that "k" is absolutely necessary, whether correct or not, and the dictionary's approval is all that is necessary. The unpleasantness of talking about "trafficing" is considerable, for what is to prevent one's pronouncing it as "sufficing" or "poulticing"? The "k" gives the word a backbone which it really can't afford to dispense with.

C. McM. inquires: "What is the best means for me to learn German without going to Germany? I can only go out one evening in the week."—I should advise you to get a German instruction book, and carefully read it in your spare time. On that one evening in the week, you will, if disposed, be easily able to find classes at the different educational institutions in London at very cheap rates, while, should you desire to learn the conversational form of German, you should not find much difficulty especially as you reside in the City, of meeting Germans, who would be only too pleased to aid you in speaking their language, in return for similar aid on your part with regard to English. The grammar, of course, you must know, but don't think it is everything. After a first course of the grammar, you will do yourself more good by learning conversational German, and reading German books.

PORTIA writes: "I see the expression, in a recent article in P.W., 'ere evening dawned.' I did not know it was correct to say evening dawned, thinking that one could only speak of day 'dawning.'"

The word "dawn" is associated certainly with the break of day, and really means "to break out, expand, or get light." The writer of the article in question used the expression in its colloquial sense, as signifying the approach of evening, as one speaks of the "dawn of a new era," and other phrases. Strictly speaking, however, one can only apply the word "dawn" to evening in London and other cities during fog time, when its approach after a foggy day, is often marked by a real accession of light. Evening has, in fact, quite often "dawned" of late, owing to the fog having lifted with its advent.

KINNOUL HILL, referring to the recent article in P.W. on "Should we Show off our Children?" says he found the reverse happened to him when a child, his parents preferring to show him and his brothers and sisters "up," rather than "off." He wants to know which is the nobler thing to do, to show up, or show off?—Parents who are always flattering their children certainly do them harm in after life, when they go into the world, thinking themselves perfect, and suffer disappointment accordingly. At the same time the "showing up" evil is equally great. To always discourage a child and find fault with it, may do it the equal harm of making it lose self-confidence and courage, which is constantly detrimental to after success. A little judicious praise and blame, appreciation of virtues, and condemnation of faults, is what is necessary in properly bringing up children. A combination of fear and love does more to turn out a right-minded boy or girl than extremes of either.

CHELSEA writes: "I and my wife are in the habit of giving little parties at our flat on Sunday evenings. To these I invite a selected number of friends, whom I have chosen as people who would like to meet each other for music or conversation. It often happens, however, that we are interrupted by callers of quite an unwelcome character, who, at the same time, are on visiting terms with us. What can one do to stop this trouble?"—One can, of course, always say "Not at home," but if to all intents and purposes you are, this may lead to trouble. This is one of the disadvantages of a flat, where it is next to impossible to appear to be out if you are not. I should suggest that if you have acquaintances likely to call on you at awkward moments, you would be well advised in asking them at stated intervals to your flat, and giving them a very strong hint as to when you are open to see them, again leaving them to gather that there are times when you are not. If they have any tact, they will soon drop calling indiscriminately. The time may come when we have "Not At Home" cards, which you will send out to your friends to save them the trouble of calling. It would be a consideration to them, and a salvation to yourself on such occasions as you mention.

MEA calls attention to the fact that the habit of very prevalent among church worshippers of gnawing the pews. He says this is very dangerous to health. The habit of gnawing church pews is certainly an unpleasant one, and your suggestion that worshippers should refrain from doing this is admirable. Wood is a notorious offender in the respect of transmitting disease microbes, and infection could easily result from affected persons bringing their mouths in contact with it, causing other people to take the disease from proximity with the pew afterwards.

S. E. M. inquires: "How long should a young man wear his moustache?"—That all depends on the nature of your features. If you have a broad face, then a fairly long moustache will be better than a short one. If your nose is long or Roman, then a slightly turned-up moustache will set it off well, while if you have a snub nose, a longish, down-turned moustache will counteract the feature better than a turned-up, short one, which makes a man look more snub-nosed than ever. For a man of normal features, the moustache should just cover the upper lip, and be turned up or down, according to the distribution of his features. With many men, it is better not to wear a moustache at all, but there again all must depend on the features.

Z. asks, "Has a case ever been known of a dog recognising its master's photograph? I have tried the experiment on a most intelligent collie dog, but it has remained quite unmoved in the presence of my portrait. Possibly your readers may know of cases in which dogs have shown this appreciation of art."

The only case I can call to mind is a story by Robert Overton, of a man who was having his portrait painted by an artist. On going to see it first he took his dog with him. He was not satisfied with the picture, and the dog was quite indifferent to it. He accordingly asked the artist to make certain alterations. On seeing it again he was still dissatisfied, but the artist said, "Bring your dog in, and if he does not lick your face on the portrait, I'm a Dutchman." The dog was brought in, and sure enough he made a dart for the face of the portrait, and affectionately licked it. That was enough, and the picture was accepted. Since penning this story, the person who told it to me tells that the artist had previously rubbed bacon on the face. Whether or not this affects the incident I cannot say. However, I have not myself heard of other cases of a dog recognising one's portrait. Considering the fact that the highly-cultivated mind of the owner of the portrait sometimes fails to do so, however, it is not to be wondered at if dumb creatures cannot.

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"THAT'S FROM P.W.!"

CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT IN RELATION TO DEAFNESS.

In considering catarrh of the nose and throat as a cause of deafness, let us first fix in our mind some important facts as to the structure, the functions, and the anatomical relations of the Eustachian tube. This tube is a fibrous canal which connects the nose and throat most intimately with the cavity of the middle ear. It has a lining of delicate membrane, which is continuous at one end with the mucous membrane of the ear, and at the other with the membranous lining of the nasal cavity and of the throat. Any inflammation, therefore, of the nose and throat has at once a direct way open to affect the hearing, by extending along the membrane of the Eustachian tube into the middle ear.

The physiological function of the Eustachian tube is also affected by catarrh of the posterior portion of the nasal cavities and of the upper part of the throat. In its normal condition this tube permits air to penetrate to the middle ear, and thus preserves an equilibrium between the pressure of the external air and that contained within the aural cavity. When there is swelling of the membrane around the opening of the Eustachian tube the opening of the canal is closed, thus preventing the air from penetrating to the middle ear. The external air pressure then becomes greater than that of the cavity of the middle ear, with the result that the ear drum is forced inward, interfering with the movements of the minute chain of bones, so essential for conveying sounds to the nerve of hearing. Should this condition of the Eustachian tube continue, an obstinate form of deafness results from adhesions, which bind down the chain of bones and the tympanic membrane, or drumhead, so firmly that their response to the vibrations of waves of sound becomes very feeble, and even impossible in very chronic cases.

A still more complete description of deafness in its relation to catarrh and various other causes will be found in the "Journal for the Deaf," which can be obtained free of charge on application by post to the Editor, 72, Regent's Park-road, London, N.W. The "Journal for the Deaf" also contains an account of a large number of cases of Deafness cured by the Drouet Treatment. The success of this new system, although already widely known, gathers still greater fame from the reports of cures recorded during the past month. From the October records the following are selected as illustrations for this brief treatise on deafness complicated by catarrh:

It would be difficult to find a more obstinate and complicated case of deafness than that described on the Patient's Report Form forwarded to the Drouet Institute

The case of Miss Jane Macdonald, of Glasgow, will be of the greatest interest to those afflicted by catarrh of the nose and throat. In this case the ailment was attributed to having taken a chill, a cause which produces the majority of catarrhal troubles. There were the usual symptoms of discharges from the nose and throat, sneezing, a thick, swollen feeling in the throat, and great difficulty in breathing through the nose. The local doctor, whom she consulted, told her that the obstruction to breathing was caused by a catarrhal inflammation of the membrane inside the nose, of so severe a character that the sides of the nasal cavities touched each other, and thus left no passage. Previous treatment having failed to cure her, after two years of suffering, she decided to place her case in charge of the Consulting Physician, who prescribed the appropriate Drouet treatment by correspondence. Miss Macdonald's first course of medicines was forwarded to her early in September, and, after following out the physician's instructions several weeks, she reported herself completely cured as follows:

4, Leckethill-street, Springburn, Glasgow.
Oct. 21, 1901.

Dear Sir—I have discontinued the use of your medicines for a week now, and I am happy to say that I am perfectly satisfied with my condition, and my nose and throat are now perfectly well.—Yours faithfully,
JANE MACDONALD.

An instance of deafness, complicated by abscesses of the middle ear, is shown in the Patient's Report Form submitted to the Drouet Institute by Miss G. Price. The conditions in this case were as follows: The deafness, which had existed for over sixteen years, was so severe in character that only a very faint sound of ticking could be heard when a watch was brought close to the ear on either side. The deafness occurred suddenly, as the result of scarlet fever, and persisted ever since, aggravated from time to time by the formation of gatherings in the ears, followed by discharge. The treatment was conducted by correspondence with the Consulting Physician of the Drouet Institute, and at the end of two months a satisfactory result was described by the father as follows:

Near Trevil Station, Rassau, Beaufort, Brecon,
Sept. 13, 1901.

Dear Sir—I have great pleasure in announcing that my daughter, G. Price, has been cured of deafness through the treatment of the Drouet Institute, after being deaf for over 16 years from scarlet fever. At present she can hear as good as any one of the family, for which we are all very thankful.—Yours very truly,
T. PRICE.

This cure was confirmed later by Miss Price, as follows:
Near Trevil Station, Rassau, Beaufort, Brecon,

The case of Mr. Smith, of Netherton, sums up in a few words the curative effect of the Drouet Methods in the treatment of catarrhal deafness. When Mr. Smith first reported his case to the Consulting Physician, there was deafness of a severe and obstinate nature, complicated by catarrhal conditions of the nose, throat, and ears, which had persisted for such a length of time that the ailment had become of a chronic character. Considering that the deafness was caused by such obstinate and stubborn conditions, a cure resulted in a comparatively short time, from faithful adherence to the instructions of the Consulting Physician, given by correspondence. Early in October Mr. Smith wrote as follows:

31, St. Andrew's-street, Netherton, near Dudley,
Oct. 6, 1901.

Dear Sir—I am pleased to say that since I wrote you last, my hearing has improved wonderfully. In fact, I can now hear a watch tick when I am in the next room from it. On the face of this statement it may seem overdrawn, but I can assure you it is a positive fact. There is no one more surprised by this fact than I myself. Thanking you for your interest in my case, and your splendid advice and medicine.—I remain, yours faithfully,
G. H. SMITH.

The medical knowledge and experience gathered by a professional nurse, who comes into daily contact with physicians and specialists, endow her with exceptional abilities for judging of the result of a scientific method of treatment. For this reason, the cure effected in the case of Nurse J. Radbourne, of Lambourne, will be of more than ordinary interest to those afflicted by deafness and noises in the head. Examination of Nurse Radbourne's case by the Consulting Physician, at the Drouet Institute, early in last August, led to a diagnosis of deafness caused by catarrh of the middle ear, complicated by tinnitus. A few weeks later she began the Drouet treatment as prescribed, and, after continuing faithfully under the physician's instructions by correspondence, reported herself cured as follows:

Salisbury Cottage, Lambourne, Berks.
Oct. 17, 1901.

I am writing to thank you for the treatment I received from your Institute. I can now hear as well as ever I could. If I did a little needlework and reading, the noises would always be worse, but to-day I have been working hard all day, and have had no return of them. My ears seemed quite closed before I began the Drouet Treatment, but this is quite all right now. I thank you for the prompt attention given in my case.—I am, yours truly,
J. RADBOURNE.

A more complete description of the relief from the noises in the head is given by a later letter:

Salisbury Cottage, Lambourne, Oct. 20, 1901.

I am pleased to thank you for your kindness to me. I was troubled with noises in the left ear for over twelve months, which made me feel quite ill. At times I thought I should lose my reason. I was able to do but very little work. Now I am thankful to say I can work all day with pleasure. I do not know how to thank you enough. I am not like the same woman, I feel so much better, and my hearing is quite perfect. I once more thank you for your advice, and remain, yours very truly,
JANE RADBOURNE.

Complications of catarrh of the nose and throat, with deafness of long standing, is well illustrated in the case of Miss Fanny Stenning, of Arundel, Sussex. In this case both the catarrhal ailment and the deafness were of chronic character. The presence of mucous discharges in the nose and throat were most annoying, and there were ulcerations of a distressing character. The deafness was so severe that the ticking of a watch was only faintly perceived even when held close to the ear. The case as submitted by the patient's report form was diagnosed by the consulting physician as postnasal pharyngitis, Eustachitis, with otitis media. The treatment prescribed was conducted by correspondence, and resulted in a cure, reported as follows:

Westfield, near Arundel, Nov. 5.

I am very pleased to tell you the medicine has done me so much good I shall not require any more. I can hear a watch tick half-way across the room. My voice has become clear, and the discharge at the back of the nose has disappeared. It does seem such a relief after being bad so long.—Your grateful patient,
FANNY STENNING.

A case of catarrhal deafness of ten years' standing, complicated by tinnitus, or noises in the head, was presented by the patient's report form filled in by Mr. A. J. Stickens, of New Brompton. The deafness in this case was so severe that in the right ear the ticking of a watch could not be heard at all, and in the left ear only when held very close to the head. There was an almost constant singing in the head and ears, interrupted at times by cracking sounds. The deafness first began ten years ago, when it followed a bad cold in the head, and gradually grew worse. Mr. Stickens' occupation, working in a boiler shop, where he frequently became overheated, caused frequent aggravations of the deafness, through a constant succession of colds. The noise in the shop, of so many hammers going, also seemed prejudicial to his hearing. This patient placed himself under treatment by correspondence with the Consulting Physician of the Drouet Institute on the 10th of last August, and early in October he wrote as follows:

83, Upper Milton-road, New Brompton, Kent.
Oct. 9, 1901.

I have great pleasure in telling you I have benefited

discharge. The discharge began when the patient was eight years old, and followed as a result of scarlet fever. Later the deafness was further increased, as a result of catarrhal complications. Mr. Adams had, at several times, tried treatment for the ear trouble, consulting no less than eight doctors, but without beneficial results. On July 7, of this year, Mr. Adams began the treatment prescribed by the Drouet Institute's Consulting Physician, and, as a result of faithfully pursuing the treatment, was able to report a complete cure as follows:

15, Delamere-crescent, Westbourne Square, W., Oct. 29, 1901.

I should have sent my final report before, but thought I would wait and see if the ears still kept well. I am glad to say they have, and I now can hear a watch tick at arm's length in both ears, and the discharge has entirely stopped.—Yours faithfully,
A. F. ADAMS.

A second report, a week later, is still more interesting:
15, Delamere-crescent, Nov. 6, 1901.

I wish to write and tell you that I am quite cured of my deafness, and also noises in the head, and that the discharge is quite stopped. I feel quite another person now, as I always felt miserable before. I went to five or six different doctors and hospitals, and they did not do me any good. Had a bad ear since I was eight years old. I then went to Toronto, Canada, and also went to two doctors there, but they did not do me any good; but am glad to say that I am cured now by using your treatment, and shall send anybody to you that I know is suffering.—I remain, yours very sincerely,
A. F. ADAMS.

A case of deafness of ten years' standing was reported to the Institute on the Patient's Report Form, submitted by Mrs. A. Miller, of Culross, by Dunfermline, on June 18, 1901. This case was diagnosed as deafness, caused by catarrhal sclerosis of the middle ear, complicated by catarrh of the Eustachian tubes. Mrs. Miller described the deafness as having affected the left ear ten years ago, the right ear becoming deaf more lately; but, at the time of her report, the ailment had become so serious that she could not hear the ticking of a watch, unless pressed against the head. On June 28, Mrs. Miller began the Drouet treatment, as prescribed by the Consulting Physician, and continued until the middle of August, when she considered herself completely cured. Later, in response to a request for further report, the following was received:

Culross, by Dunfermline, Oct. 18, 1901.

I am very pleased to tell you I am perfectly cured of my deafness since Aug. 18. I have been waiting to see if the cure would last, and I am still hearing splendidly.—So, thanking you for your kind attention, I am, faithfully yours,
A. MILLER.

catarrh, as causes of deafness, presents complications that are looked upon as most difficult to overcome by those aurists who use the ordinary methods of treatment. That such deafness is curable by the Drouet treatment is well illustrated by the case of Miss Anna Nicholls, of Newton Ferrers. In this case the catarrhal condition of the Eustachian tubes and middle ear had progressed to such an extent that the ticking of a watch could not be heard unless held very close to the ears. The noises in the head and ears were also a source of great discomfort and annoyance. On receiving the prescription sent her by the Consulting Physician of the Drouet Institute, Miss Nicholls promptly placed herself under treatment, according to his instructions given by correspondence, and, considering the obstinate character of the ailment, was able in a comparatively short time to write as follows:

The Towers, Newton Ferrers, near Plymouth,
Oct. 9, 1901.

I am so thankful to be able to tell you that my hearing is quite restored. I can hear quite as well with my right ear as with my left ear, and can hear the ticking of a watch at the far end of the room. The noises and buzzing in the head are quite gone. I strictly followed the treatment, but I should not have thought it possible I could get cured in such a short time.

Please accept my grateful thanks.—I am, yours very truly,
ANNIE NICHOLLS.

The original letter, with all the others of which extracts have been given above, may be seen at the Autograph Room of the Drouet Institute, where hundreds of letters emanating from grateful patients are kept. The Autograph Room is open to the public every day, except Sunday, from ten a.m. to six p.m.

A special feature of the Drouet treatment is that patients who cannot come to London to be examined are enabled to receive advice by filling up a pathological report form, which allows them to state explicitly their case. This form may be had, free of charge, with a copy of the "Journal for the Deaf," by writing to the Editor, Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park-road, N.W. In fact, all the persons whose cures have just been reported were treated by means of the pathological form, and never saw the Consulting Physician who prescribed for them.

It is, however, always advisable when possible to be personally examined at the Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park-road, London, N.W., where consultations are held daily, except Sunday, from two to four in the afternoon. Special consultations may also be had at any time by previous arrangement. For all personal consultations a fee is charged. Any advice by correspondence is absolutely free, as are also the consultations given by means of the report form.



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HUMBUGS YOU MEET EVERY DAY.

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Has it ever struck you what a numbers of humbugs you meet every day of your life? We don't mean ordinary humbugs who betray themselves by their conversation and give you a chance of studying them. We refer rather to the humbugs you pass in the street by the score.

Take, for instance, that arch-hypocrite, the man who carries a brace of pheasants or grouse and gives you the idea that he has just come back from a week's shooting. He is very much in evidence at the present time of year and many people are impressed by him.

But just follow him to his office. You will find probably that he is a clerk getting thirty shillings a week. Perhaps you may have the patience to wait until one o'clock and follow him to his lunch. He takes a small cup of coffee and a Bath bun at the A. B. C.

True, even there he assumes a good deal of importance, places his hat upon the table, and his feet upon the chairs. But you are not deceived, and if your patience last out till evening you will see him fight his way on to a crowded 'bus, and go to his lodgings in Brixton—a bed-sitting room, for which he pays five and sixpence a week.

He is a young man of over-weening vanity, and in order to impress you and others, and the world at large, he purchased the birds at a local poulterer's, and carried them to the City. The same birds do duty for several days, and finally provide him with a meal or two, so that he has his full money's worth from his purchase.

Then there is the young man who apes a knowledge of some unusual sport. For instance, you will meet on any morning, as you walk through the more crowded parts of the City, quite a number of youths carrying lacrosse bats. They may not all be humbugs, but many of them are, and, if you followed them through the day, you would find that they returned home at night without having attempted to use their bats.

They wish to give the impression that they are "different from the common run of men, don't-you-know," and owing to the credulity of their fellows they succeed.

A little later on in the season we shall see the skating humbug. At the first mention of ice on the water he produces a pair of skates, which he polishes up till they shine like a new kettle, fastens them together and carries them backwards and forwards to his office. Even when a thaw has set in and no genuine skater would give a thought to the possibilities of the ice bearing, the gentleman in question still carries his skates, which, by the way, he clanks together as he walks, to increase the impression he creates. Of course, he never once goes near a lake or pond, but that does not prevent him telling his fellows what "awfully jolly times he has had on the ice, and really, old chap, you are missing a lot by not skating."

Just now, the travelling humbug is pretty well to the fore. You know him. He carries a portmanteau literally covered with labels bearing the words Venice, Constantinople, Copenhagen, San Francisco, Bombay, Vancouver, Colombo, Shanghai, Bangkok, Adelaide, Tokio, and so on.

At first thought you wonder how a man so young can have travelled so far. But if you were to inquire into the matter you would learn the secret of the be-labelled portmanteau. It was purchased from a second-hand dealer with the labels intact, and a much higher price was paid by its ambitious owner than if he had gone to a West-end saddler and secured a brand new bag.

Quite a big business is done in these second-hand, much-travelled portmanteaux. The dealers buy them from travellers as they leave the big steamships, and the majority have been in the possession originally of wealthy Americans.

Another notorious humbug is he who walks about wearing leggings and spurs. He is seen usually in the suburbs, for even his impudence is not often sufficiently great to allow him to walk about in the City itself thus attired. But he is very anxious that his friends should think him a good rider, although he has probably never been across the back of anything more formidable than a seaside donkey. He may even talk of polo, but if you question him, he manages to change the subject.

A humbug of a very similar type is the youth who invariably wears a long fawn racing coat and carries a field-glass case and strap. More often than not the case is empty, and the young man's only view of a race has been from the gallery of a music-hall when the cinematograph has been at work. Of course, like others of his type, he frequently overdoes the business, for not seldom he is seen carrying the coat and the case when the racing season is over.

It must be confessed that men are the more frequent sinners of this kind, and all the cases we have mentioned above deal with the male sex. But women are not immaculate, and, as evidence, we need mention only the young lady who goes to the City everyday with a very beautiful mandoline or violin case. If you were to look inside, ten chances to one you would find nothing more musical than sandwiches or a pork-pie.

NEW AND STRANGE.

[Descriptions of new inventions or discoveries are invited for this column, and will be inserted free of charge, if of sufficient general interest.]

CINNAMON is being tried as a cure for influenza; the patient gets better in less than a week, according to the experience of a medical expert who has tried it in many cases.

CERUSINE is a new substitute for oil paint. It is a mixture of animal glue and white lead, with proportions of borax and nitric acid. The usual pigments are added for the various colours.

WOOD is seasoned by placing it in a solution of resin and soda and subjecting it to electrical influence. The sap is drawn out and the solution enters the wood, which is then dried artificially. Wood can thus be "seasoned" in three days.

WHEELS for railway carriages, with flanges on the outside, are shown by a German manufacturer to be superior to the present style from the point of view of safety. The outside flange will not jam or lock in rounding a curve, as the inside flanges are apt to do.

MOTORS and consumption seem to have no connection, but the latest suggested cure for this dread malady is a motor ride of fifty miles every day for a fortnight. The physician who advances this cure declares that the exhilarating effect does incalculable good, setting up an appetite and a healthy glow that soon lead to recovery.

THE "fire-engine chaser" is a new idea from the other side of the Atlantic. When a fire is notified, the representative of a house agent gets on the track of the fire engine, button-holes the owner of the burning property, and arranges on the spot for new premises, furnished or unfurnished, flat or house, according to requirements.

A NOVEL method of sifting fine powders, which cannot be dealt with in sieves, has been devised by two French engineers. The powder is thrown by machinery against a cylinder revolving 200 times a minute; the rougher particles are flung back, but the dust adheres to the surface of the cylinder and is scraped off on the other side.

You can be sulphur-plated at Harrogate now. By applying the electric current to the sulphur bath, the patient receives a deposit of sulphur all over his body, and it is contended that this process is more curative than the ordinary course of baths. The sulphur is ingrained into the skin, so that its curative properties are greater and last longer.

THE latest germ to be discovered is that of fatigue. A French physician says that some of us are born with it in the system, which explains why many persons so constantly complain of fatigue even when they have done nothing to make them tired. Lazy people, it seems, cannot help it; their systems are in the possession of the newly-discovered bacteria.

AN automatic "chucker-out" is in use in certain parts of the North of England. When the clock hand approaches the moment for closing, the words "Time, please!" appear on a glass face in the bar and an electric gong of great power begins operations; the gong makes such a terrible din that everyone in the bar is only too glad to get out of earshot.

THE latest accessory of American politics is a pair of spectacles. It appears that the negroes of certain States cannot see to read the names of the candidates on the ballot tickets and so lose their votes; but it has been discovered that they can see well enough when they have spectacles, so the party organisations are providing spectacles for the purpose. No fewer than 250,000 pairs have lately been purchased in one State.

A PATENT hat rack, just placed on the market, seems to be just the kind of thing required to prevent your hat from rolling off the peg at the least touch and so upsetting your morals. It is simple enough; the hat rests on pegs and the top part of the rim is caught, without injury, by a sort of catch. You can so hang your coat and hat on this rack that you can lock them both and hold them safe until you yourself unlock them. Hall thieves have no chance with this rack.

A NOVEL way of erecting tackle over and round a factory chimney is the device of an American. Instead of flying a kite over the stack, a parachute, carrying a string, was placed in the chimney, when the draught lifted it to the top and out into the open; it fell to the ground, taking the string with it. A rope was tied to the outside end of the string, which the man inside pulled away. As a result, a stout rope and then some tackle and a man were soon hauled to the top.

A NEW fog horn, for use on rocky places, is composed of a siren driven by a gas engine and having four megaphones, one in each direction, north, south, east, and west. When the siren's mournful toot is to be sent to the north, one long blast is given; for the east, the signal is a long toot followed by a short one. In this way the vessels know exactly in which direction the dangerous place lies. At a distance of half-a-mile only that megaphone pointing towards the vessel can be heard, so the chance of confusion is avoided.

MR. J. HONSWILL, jun., of 45 Queen Street, Chester, has put on the market what seems to be a really excellent form of collapsible bicycle. The top and bottom bars are divided in the centre, and can be easily taken apart, and the back and front wheel placed side by side. In this way the machine can be put away in quite a small space. The inventor tells me that he has ridden one over 300 miles already, and it is no different to riding an ordinary bicycle. The price of the machine is twelve guineas complete. It is also fitted with folding handlebars, which can be obtained separately for 12s.

TO COST OF FREE LIVING: £1,000.

Rich People Pay Away Enormous Sums in Tips.

It has been asserted that a man possessing a goodly number of rich friends at whose houses he is always a welcome guest, can live through the out-of-town season for next to nothing. This is so very far from the case that, on the contrary, many people refuse invitations to the country homes of their wealthy friends simply because they cannot afford to accept them. It is not, of course, a matter of travelling expenses or any such trifling affair as that, but merely because they cannot make the big gratuities the servants of wealthy people expect from their masters' and mistresses' visitors fit in with their incomes and ordinary expenses.

If you have an income of £5,000 or £10,000 a year such matters need not worry you much, but if you are only moderately well off, having, perhaps, a mere £500 to meet your annual expenses, you will often find it cheaper to remain at home, even though you then have to live on your income, than visit the country homes of rich friends who have their scores of servants, their shooting and hunting, and all the rest of it.

To illustrate how this can be, we take an actual case, which is a fair example of dozens—the case of a friend who has a comfortable income of about £2,000. He visited the country seat of a certain hospitable nobleman for five days' sport, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. He had a day's shooting and two days' fishing, the other days being broken into by arriving and departing. He spent no money during the visit except in tips to the servants, and these were regulated according to the advice of a friend, a guest at the same house, whose knowledge of the customs of the house enabled him to say exactly to what sum each tip should amount. The result was that the five-day visit cost our friend precisely twenty-five pounds in gratuities.

There were in the house twenty-four indoor servants, all of whom, though many were invisible, expected to benefit by the visitor, and to tip these duly cost three five-pound notes. It could have been done decently for two, but as that would only have worked out at a little more than eight shillings a head it would have been "playing it rather mean," and to break up a note in such a case, when the whole sum is paid over to the butler for division at his discretion, would be thought no better.

Apart from this big donation, there were two extra sovereigns to be given to two servants who had really done something out of the usual to contribute to the visitor's comfort, more than any of the other denizens of the servants' hall. The day's shooting cost another five, which was given to be divided among the gamekeepers; and two days' fishing involved a £2 tip.

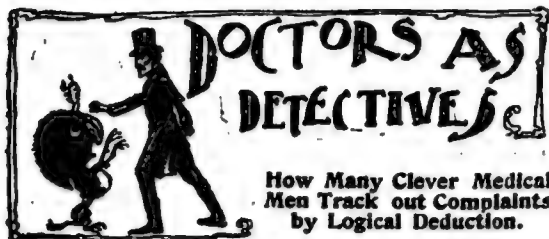
Finally, there were two minor tips of ten shillings each, making in all a cool £25 gone in quite unavoidable gratuities; and all the time the visitor was only keeping just outside what would have been considered as meanness. Indeed, it is very probable that the gamekeepers considered they had been very stingily treated, the five-pound note they had to divide among themselves being quite a moderate sum for such a purpose.

On big estates, where there is a lot of good sport, more than four gamekeepers, and the "guns" are mostly wealthy men, £10 runs, as a rule, are the gamekeepers' tip, for the men look more to their masters' guests than to their masters themselves for repayment for the efforts they make to provide good sport. Moreover, every gamekeeper considers the fur and feather in his charge as his own personal property, and expects his gentlemen to pay him for the privilege of shooting it. We know of a case where a head keeper on a large estate refused a tip of three pounds offered him by one of his master's friends, who had bagged thirteen brace of pheasants.

"Thank you, sir," he said, with icy politeness. "The birds would have cost you more than that at a poulterer's. The under-keepers would likely enough be glad of your gift."

Lady visitors do not, of course, encounter so many tip-expecters as men do; and, when they are visiting with their husbands, are never expected to tip anyone beyond the chambermaid whose special duty it has been to attend upon her. On the other hand, when a man is accompanied by his wife, he is expected to increase his tips to all the servants who have anything whatever to do for the lady.

A certain aristocrat who recently passed through the Bankruptcy court, declared that during one long round of visits at the houses of his rich "landed-gentry" friends he had parted with slightly over £1,000 in tips to the servants of his several hosts. This was exceptional, and there is no doubt that the tips of this gentleman were bestowed with reckless generosity, though the bankrupt did not think so; but there is not the least doubt that many a Society man's visiting-tour involves the expenditure of sums varying from £50 to £700 in tips, and that the expenses of remaining at home, where everything must be bought and paid for, would in scores of cases be considerably less than the cost of living for nothing at the big homes of friends whose servants expect tips on a grand scale.



To the average mind, a doctor diagnoses a complaint by certain set methods, such as feeling the pulse, looking at the tongue, or sounding the heart. As a matter of fact, these things often count far less in divining what a patient is suffering from than certain little peculiarities of dress, looks or manners. To be an ideal doctor, it is necessary to be able to read people after the manner peculiar to Dr. Conan Doyle's wonderful detective.

Neglect of the quality of observation has often led to complete misapprehension of a patient's complaint, where a little elementary reasoning would have at once got at the cause of trouble, and terrible suffering has often resulted through wrongly treating such cases.

A woman went to a hospital, recently, complaining of a skin disease, which had showed itself in her head. She was taken to the skin specialist, and in his company were one or two younger doctors. The specialist examined her head and divined what looked like a disease called *purpura*. There were several spots of the same size, and all were confined to a small area on the left side of the head. The specialist was baffled, but prescribed a tonic for the complaint mentioned.

One of the young doctors present, however, was a keen observer of small things about the patients, and he had noticed a peculiarity about the woman, which was the real cause of her complaint. Had he not carefully observed her movements, it would have been quite overlooked. She was left-handed, and brought a child with her by the left hand—a most unusual thing to do. When she took her hat off it was with the left hand, and this had not escaped the doctor in question. When she was about to go, he watched her put on her hat, and pin it in. Then he told her to remove it again. She did so, and on examining her head, he saw that she had made ever so slight a prick on the left-hand side.

THE HAT PIN RESPONSIBLE.

"I thought so," said the doctor. "She is not suffering from skin disease at all. Those spots are entirely the result of a constant pricking of the head caused by pinning on her hat left-handed." In a very short time, she was treated for this, and the rash disappeared. Had it not been that the young doctor was a minute observer of every detail in a patient's appearance, manner and walk, she might have been treated for an entirely different complaint, with who knows what results!

This incident shows how important the quality of detective-like observation is in a doctor. He should, in fact, have a good many of those methods associated with Sherlock Holmes, and notice everything about a patient, before making a diagnosis.

The same doctor diagnosed another case in a similar way, that is, by observing outside things about a patient, which when a doubt arose as to her complaint, gave him a sort of clue to the mystery.

This time it was a young girl, who was brought to a hospital on account of her limping. As a slight limp is the earliest sign of hip disease, the young practitioner first consulted concluded that this was what she was suffering from. As hip disease does not reveal itself on the outside of the limb, but comes from internal causes, there was nothing to prove the doctor wrong. But his more observant colleague had noticed that the patient wore very pointed shoes.

EYES REVEAL MANY THINGS.

Curiosity prompted him to examine her foot—a thing the other doctor would not have dreamt of doing—and the result revealed that the girl suffered from ingrowing toe-nail. This was the sole cause of her limping, and she was not suffering from hip disease at all. Yet had the doctor not spotted those tight shoes, and made a deduction accordingly, she would have been treated quite wrongly.

Children in slums are often taken to hospitals for general debility. This arises from various causes, and there is, of course, certain regular treatment for it. One child was taken to the doctor above mentioned. From its symptoms it might have been a consumptive, and treated accordingly, but the doctor noticed that the child had a squint. He at once saw, in this peculiarity, the cause of the whole trouble. The constant straining of the eyes involved upon a child with a squint means a strain to the brain, and the strain to the brain affects the nerves, muscles and the whole system. Thus the general debility which ensued. By treating the child for an eye complaint, instead of an organic disease, he soon put it on the way to recovery.

Women have often been known to take children to doctors saying they have convulsions. An unobservant doctor would treat them straight away, and, perhaps, commit a complete mistake. If the child has com-

pleted its teething, and its teeth are in good condition, there will probably be no reason for convulsions. Examination of its clothing will, in all probability, reveal the cause as a safety pin pinned through the skin, or some other careless act, which would account for the agony suffered.

There are a score of ways in which you reveal yourself to a doctor, quite apart from those mentioned. Your eyes are not only the windows of your soul. They are no less the windows of your state of health. One glance at your optics may tell a doctor more about your complaint than all the testing of the body, and, though they do not always reveal the nature of your complaint, there are many ailments which assert themselves in the eyes in a manner peculiar to themselves. Diabetes is one of these, and reveals itself in a cataract in the eye. This is not always noticeable at a casual glance, but an observant doctor will spot it, and know at once what is the matter with you.

Chronic poisoning, kidney diseases and other complaints equally reveal themselves at the back of the eyes, but this would not be noticed save by a doctor who understood the eye thoroughly. Doctors ignorant of this would, perhaps, pass over one of the most valuable guides in diagnosing you.

The manner in which you walk is, in the case of several diseases, a direct guide to your complaint, but a doctor unobservant of such a peculiarity, might go wrong entirely. Locomotor ataxy is one of these complaints, and reveals itself in your walk. A sufferer from it has a very high stopping walk, and always carefully looks where he is treading. Observation of this peculiarity, therefore, gives a doctor the necessary clue.

HOW THE SMOKER IS FOUND OUT.

An epileptic drags his limbs one after the other, and a doctor given to observation will spot this on his entering, and know at once what ails his caller. Yet a non-observant doctor will overlook this—a highly important sign.

A knowledge of your daily habits will greatly affect a doctor in diagnosing your complaint. Are you a smoker, a drinker, do you keep late hours, or hurry over your meals, is your occupation a sedentary or active one? All these are vital points. The average doctor will ask you point blank these things. The "Sherlock Holmes doctor" will know from a glance without asking you. As, generally speaking, doctors consider all patients are liars, the latter is the more trustworthy method of finding out.

A smoker of cigarettes has certain peculiarities which an observant man will notice. First, his fingers show the extent to which he smokes, and often the depth of the nicotine will reveal the kind of tobacco used. Further, the constant cigarette smoker keeps his case in a right-hand breast pocket, and uses his left hand to get the case out. The pipe-smoker shows nothing on his hands, and generally keeps his pouch in an outside pocket.

Late hours reveal themselves in the look about the eyes, and a "cute" observer will very soon divine what your probable occupation is. The methods of divining this are too well known to need repeating, but as to how valuable they are in enabling a medical man to correctly find out your complaint will be obvious to everyone.

RAPID SAILING.

On a fishing smack one bright, calm night the captain and his men went down to supper, leaving the wheel in charge of the cabin-boy.

He was not very experienced, and the captain, before going below, said:

"Boy, steer by that star, and you will be right."

However, in a short time he got the boat out of her course, the consequence being that the star appeared astern instead of ahead. Upon seeing this, he sang out to the captain:

"Hi, skipper, come and find me another star; I've passed that one."

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.

He was calling on a young lady and had been talking against time for several hours, not noticing that she was, to say the least, slightly wearied.

"Do you know," he said, after completing a monologue of several thousand words, and thinking a little flattery would be appreciated, "while talking to-night, I have felt as if I were inspired by one of the Muses. And which one do you think it is?"

He looked searchingly into her beautiful face. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered:

"I guess the Muse that inspires you to-night must be Euterpa."

He didn't really know anything about mythology, so he couldn't tell just what she meant. But when he got home he took down his encyclopædia, and there in cold type, staring him in the face, he saw:

"Euterpa—the Muse who presided over wind instruments."

POOR POLO PONY'S PAINFUL POSITION.

Practical Jokes that some Army Officers Play on one another.

FOUR young officers, who are noted for their polo-playing and their general all-round love of sport, were some few months ago stationed at a military depot in one of the northern counties. One of their number, whom we will for the purpose of this article name Arthur Bluit, was a little addicted to an occasional indulgence in whiskies and sodas, and on one occasion, after a long spell at cards, he went off to bed about two o'clock in the morning somewhat "elevated." His three friends thought this would be an admirable opportunity for working off an idea they had had in mind for some time.

They saw him safely up to his room, and they saw that his servant was not at all likely to be in the way. Obtaining a blanket, which they cut into four pieces of equal size, they repaired to the stable where the polo ponies were kept. Bluit's pet pony, Daisy, was led out and quietly taken round to the officers' quarters. There her four hoofs were each securely tied up in a piece of folded blanket, and she was taken through the passage, upstairs, and into her master's bedroom! She was a docile creature and the difficulties to be surmounted in getting a pony into a bedroom are not so difficult as some readers may imagine.

Arthur Bluit was sound asleep and the noise did not appear to disturb him. An oaken chest was dragged up to the side of the bed and Daisy was made to stand with her two fore feet on this chest. Her head was decorated with a bonnet, made out of a pillow case, and a "dummy" man in uniform was put up on her back. When all was ready the lights in the apartment were turned full on, and a rope was so placed that any resistance that Daisy might make would be largely checked.

The three brother officers then withdrew behind a curtain and gave one long loud yell. Poor Daisy was bewildered and she struck the oaken chest with her off fore foot in despair. But her trouble, in comparison with that of her young master, who was slowly waking up and recovering himself, was a mere nothing. He, poor chap, rubbed his eyes and looked and looked; he sank back on his bed and groaned aloud; he rose on his elbow again and put out his hand to try and touch Daisy's nose, but she withdrew it. He called her by her name and she pricked up her ears. Again he sank back on the bed baffled and worried.

It was at least ten minutes by the clock before the victim found out the detail and depth of his colleagues' scheme, and it was fully ten days ere he could be brought to see that there was the smallest fun in any part of the whole business. In all possibility it will be ten years or more before the memory of his terrible nightmare will fade from his mind.

Another favourite bedroom trick with army officers is the following:

A large shallow bath is filled with water and put close up to the side of the bed from which the occupant is known to spring when called. The result of this trap may be easily guessed.

Sometimes, in order to keep an officer in bed beyond his usual time, his servant is got out of the way and the outside of his bedroom window is covered over with several horse-rugs or other daylight-resisting material. The bugle may sound in vain when a man has come late to bed and is a sound sleeper, and when, in addition to this, he relies upon an orderly to rouse him at an appointed time.

When a very youthful officer joins he is frequently persuaded to allow himself to be dressed up as a lady. For this purpose garments are secretly borrowed from the married men's quarters, and other bits of finery, such as gloves and veils and lace and ribbons are bought at the nearest shop to the barracks and smuggled in. Perhaps an officer is out for an hour or two about tea-time, then is the chance for the practical jokers. They dress up the youngest of their number into a seemingly most attractive girl, and put him on a chair, with his back to the window, in the absent officer's sitting-room.

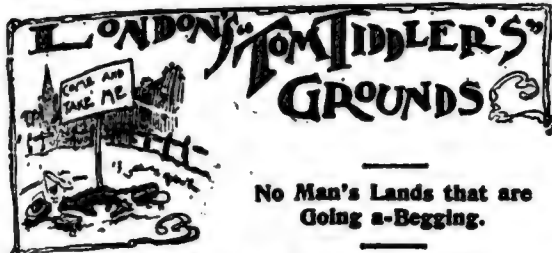
When the latter returns he is told by one of his chums that there's a visitor to see him, who has been waiting some little time.

"Who is it?" he asks excitedly, for he is not expecting anyone.

"It's a lady with a beautiful smile and pearly teeth, and she was so distressed to find you were not at home!" is the answer. "You had better 'tog up' a bit, I think, old man, because it's evidently someone who's devoted to you."

The distracted officer goes to his bedroom and changes his clothes perhaps. Anyway, he washes and brushes himself up, and he prepares to meet a friend—perhaps someone he once met and hopes to meet again. He goes to the apartment where the lady is said to be waiting, and he finds that she is there right enough but that she has fallen asleep! He coughs and moves a chair or two, and in due course, though after a quarter of an hour's suspense, he sees through the plot.

These are but a few of the many little games that our brave defenders get up to when the Colonel and others are not in the way, and when fond parents at home are thinking of their sons' trying drills.



No Man's Lands that are
Going a-Begging.

THE heart of Bethnal Green, of all places in London, would seem the very last locality wherein one would expect to light upon a plot of ownerless land, waiting for someone to come along and take possession of it.

Yet such a plot there is, and every single official connected with the London County Council knows all about it—its area, its rateable value, its probable selling price, and so forth—save only who is its owner.

The land in question is situated in Tyson Street, and years ago, a house stood thereon. But it became tenanted, fell into a ruinous condition, and the Council, after many vain efforts to unearth the proprietor, found themselves compelled, in the interests of public safety, to pull the upper storeys down, and to erect a hoarding round the rest of the structure.

More years rolled by. The hoarding itself got rotten and dilapidated, and tramps and loafers, who utilised the lower shell of the derelict building as a free lodging-place by night, and a handy rendezvous by day, well-nigh completed the not altogether undesirable work of demolition which the Council began.

Then came an application, the other day, to the magistrate at Worship Street police court, for authority to finally clear the site, demolish the hoarding, and leave the plot open, presumably, for occupation by the first far-seeing and enterprising individual who might chance to happen that way.

That this very fate—improbable as the supposition may seem upon the face of it—will eventually actually befall this particular property is by no means impossible. Similar seizures of derelict plots are common enough in this huge, overgrown metropolis, where almost everyone is too busy, or too indifferent, to trouble about the doings of his neighbours.

"OWNERS" WITHOUT TITLE DEEDS.

It is well known, for instance, that one of the largest of London insurance offices has no absolute title to the land upon which stand its stately offices. That is to say, its directors could not produce the title-deeds if called upon to do so. Nevertheless, it would probably be a bad day's work for any one who undertook to evict them. They have been more than a quarter of a century in possession, and the self-styled "owner," from whom the company acquired its property, had "squatted" on the plot for nearly that length of time previously. Uninterrupted possession for a period of twelve years, it may be mentioned, creates a new title, which is valid against all-comers, save and except only the real, true, and original owner; and even he has to prove his right anew, and also refund the owner *de facto* all monies he may have expended on the property in dispute.

Another even more notorious case is afforded by a piece of land which is situated in the heart of the City, not a great distance from the Bank of England, and the particulars concerning which are well known to many lawyers of eminence in their profession. The property has a frontage of some forty feet on a main thoroughfare from which it was separated by a hoarding, erected by the now defunct Metropolitan Board of Works, about the year 1830. In 1845, fifteen years' wear and tear had caused this hoarding to become dilapidated, and the Board of Works had it repaired by a contractor in a small way of business. In order the better to carry out the work, this man erected on the ground a small, temporary, wooden building as a shelter for tools and barrows, and after the job was completed, this was left standing. He also left, in one corner of the hoarding, a door, on which he placed a padlock.

A SMART CONTRACTOR.

In due course some busybody called the attention of the Board to what their contractor had done, but they replied that the alleged trespass was nothing to do with them. Their business was to see that the vacant plot of ground did not become a nuisance to the owners or occupiers of adjacent property through the disposition thereon of garbage or offal, and to this end they had caused to be erected the hoarding in question. There, however, their responsibility ceased.

Hearing this, the contractor plucked up courage, replaced his temporary wooden structure by one of corrugated iron; and eventually erected a regular brick and mortar workshop, and sheds for the storage of building material. In 1865, no owner having meanwhile turned up, and he being able to show a title founded on twenty years' undisturbed and continuous occupation, the property was sold by him to the present owners for £22,000. Its estimated value to-day is over £100,000, and this despite the not too satisfactory nature of the curiously-acquired title.

Every suburbanite knows one or more of those queer, old, many-gabled mansions, which, erected when that

particular suburb was really countryside and open fields, have been gradually hemmed in on all sides by the ever-expanding tide of London's brick-and-mortar sea. They stand everywhere, gaunt, windowless, and forgotten; until, one day, the speculative builder comes along, casts envious eyes upon them, or rather upon the ground they occupy, finds out the owner, and, ere long, rows of "desirable villa residences" rise up mushroom-like on their erstwhile sites, and the places where once they were know them no more forever.

That is to say, such is the fate of most of them. But one of the best-known of them all, a house in a southern suburb, wherein royalty once dwelt, was saved from this fate by a curious accident. More than five-and-thirty years ago, it was taken possession of by a struggling tradesman from the provinces, who paid his rent regularly to an eccentric elderly gentleman, acting as his own agent.

For a year and a half the landlord called regularly on or about each quarter day. Then his visits suddenly and unaccountably ceased. The tenant held his tongue, paid the rates and taxes, and carefully banked the sums that should have gone in satisfaction of the landlord's claims. Then, after a while, he made a few discreet inquiries. He discovered that the owner had disappeared one day from his usual haunts, averring his intention of travelling abroad; and he also found that the old man had, so far as was known, neither friend nor relation on earth. To-day, the one-time tenant holds the property—which, meanwhile, has quadrupled in value—against all-comers; nor is it at all likely that he will ever be dispossessed, seeing that the original owner, if alive, must be considerably more than a hundred years old.

BRIXTON'S CURIOUS CASE.

Most people will remember a case which made some considerable stir a few years back. A woman living in a cottage at Brixton had often cast longing eyes on a big house near by, which, although it had stood empty for years, had never been let, nor had any attempt been made to secure a tenant. One day she forced the lock, and walked in. Then she moved in her furniture. Later on she bought more, and took in lodgers. After she had been there seven years, the agents for the property—the owner of which was in Australia—woke up to the fact of her trespass, and attempted to evict her. They succeeded in the end, but only after a long and hard fight.

Another similar convenient arrangement—convenient for the householder, that is to say—came to an end in the year 1891. But in this case, not one house alone, but a whole row of tenements, had been forgotten by their owners. Here lived an entire little colony, absolutely rent free. Needless to say, moonlight flittings were unknown among these lucky ones, and when any one of them had perforce to move to some other locality, he frequently received as much as £20 for his key. Eventually, the error was discovered, and claims made for the arrears, a proceeding which resulted in the almost immediate migration of practically the entire street.

THE LAWYER'S FAULT THIS TIME.

Perhaps, however, the most curious case in point was afforded by a law-suit which occupied the courts some few years back, and in which an elderly gentleman claimed to have acquired title, by possession, to a house and plot of ground situated in one of the most fashionable and exclusive districts of the West-end.

The original owner had, it appeared, been the possessor of ten houses in the street in question, which were numbered from 1 to 10. Number 10 was a corner house, and on the vacant plot of land adjoining it another house was erected and numbered 10A. This latter was just finished, and a tenant had moved in, when the owner died.

The latter's solicitors prepared an inventory of his property, and the clerk sent down to check the houses owned by him in this particular street set down the numbers correctly, save only that he carelessly omitted to insert the "A" after the last 10. This number, therefore, appeared on the schedule as being repeated; and the solicitor's manager, thinking it was a clerical error, struck his pen through the second 10, little dreaming that he was thereby consigning a valuable piece of property to oblivion.

Yet such was the fact. No rent had yet been paid, mind, for the new house; so that there was no record of it on the receipt files, or in the rolls of the estate. The tenant sat still and said nothing, paying all rates and taxes cheerfully on demand. It took thirteen years to discover the mistake, and then it was only found out by the merest fluke.

If love gets into the average modern courtship as a stowaway, even, he is lucky.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, what a wholesale smashing of mirrors would take place!

SHE: "I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it."
He (triumphantly): "Oh, darling! Mine is all ciphers."

SHARPSHOOTERS COMPETITION.

A capital new form of competition will start next week. A map of part of the coast will be given, showing the position of an invading army. You will be placed in command of a company of thirty sharpshooters deputed to hold the enemy in check.

In order to do this no knowledge of tactics is necessary, only common-sense. You must just imagine that you wake up one morning to find that an invading army has effected a landing, and in order to delay their march on the nearest big town, you, together with thirty of your friends, will have to harass them until the British regulars arrive.

The problem is an intensely exciting one, and ladies are just as eligible as gentlemen.

Full particulars will appear next week, together with various hints as to the best way of getting to work.

HEIRS TO MILLIONS WHO ARE NEVER BORN.

Childless Millionaires and their Huge Fortunes

THE frequency with which vast wealth is vested in childless people has never been more strikingly exemplified than of late years.

Baron Hirsch, one of the richest men that ever lived, had to be content to leave his accumulated millions in ready cash, his estates in Silesia, in Poland, and in Bohemia, and his iron and coal mines in six countries to a niece by marriage, one Lucienne Hirsch. Lord Armstrong, again, the inventor of the Armstrong gun, was similarly circumstanced; as was also Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

An American childless millionaire, known as "Forty-million-dollar-Smith," died a year or two back in London, his entire estate going to distant relatives, after the Chancellor of the Exchequer had bitten into it to the extent of some £800,000 for "death duties." Smith lived at one of the principal London clubs, at an average cost to himself of about half a sovereign a day. This, however, was exclusive of the rent of his bedroom, which ran to exactly four shillings a night.

A remarkable case was that of Lord Hertford. Dying a bachelor, he bequeathed a vast fortune to Sir Richard Wallace, and Sir Richard, another childless millionaire, left it to his wife. When she died, with the exception of the bequest to the nation, Lady Wallace passed on the fortune to a total stranger in blood from the man who bequeathed it to her husband.

Among living childless millionaires there stands out prominently the name of John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne, and owner of ten other titles of nobility besides dignities innumerable, all of which, together with his castles and estates, will pass on his death to his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell.

Not infrequently childless millionaires make excellent use of their hoarded wealth. George Peabody, an American merchant, who made his fortune, however, in England, gave and bequeathed no less than £500,000 in all to build model dwellings for the London poor, beside leaving large sums for educational purposes in the United States. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been credited in many quarters with similar intentions; and it is practically certain that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the wealthiest childless woman in England, will bequeath a considerable portion of her money to charitable objects.

Miss Hetty Green, of Philadelphia, who is reported to be worth £12,000,000, and who has no near relatives whatever, has definitely announced her intention of so disposing of her fortune, that, at her death, it shall materially benefit her poorer sisters. Meanwhile, out of her income of £480,000 a year, she spends less than £100, taking up her residence as a rule at some third-rate boarding-house, and making a hurried change so soon as her identity has been discovered by her fellow-boarders.

John Camden Neild, an eccentric miser and millionaire, who died in 1852, left a number of substantial legacies to total strangers (mostly, however, people more or less distinguished and well known), including one of £250,000 to the Queen. Her Majesty was not at first inclined to accept the windfall; but, inquiries proving that Neild had no relations that could be discovered, it was eventually placed to her credit at her bankers.

Among millionaire usurers lack of direct heirs seems to be the almost invariable rule. Sam Lewis, who died the other day, and the bulk of whose wealth will—after his wife's demise—go to various charities, is a case in point. The notorious Isaac Gordon, again, died both childless and intestate—the latter a sufficiently remarkable omission in so ultra-methodical a man. So, also, did Fitz-Alan, the "Shylock of America," who accumulated half a dozen million dollars in half a dozen years, at the expense of New York's "gilded youth."

Finally, there is the case of Von Benst, the Austrian millionaire banker and money-lender, who spent his days in accumulating money, and his nights on his knees in prayer for a son and heir to whom to bequeath it; but who went to his grave without seeing the dearest wish of his heart fulfilled, although he was married no fewer than five times.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Escape of the Premier.

In the early part of the twentieth century there had been an amount of dissatisfaction which resulted in a general election. The head of the new Government was a man of essentially Imperialistic principles, a man, too, of iron will, untiring energy, and singularly unyielding disposition in things political. A young politician, comparatively speaking, Sir Edwin Black had risen to the highest office in the State by no fortuitous force of circumstances, but solely by sheer merit and unflagging labour, by the fact that he alone had the rare quality of combination, and the power of uniting in one harmonious and sympathetic alliance several recalcitrant small parties of more or less antagonistic views.

He had endured the policy of pin-pricks and overt encroachments, indulged in by our future enemies of war, with impatient uneasiness, not to say disgust. With a keener foresight than most he had observed almost from his entrance into the political arena that war with this nation was inevitable, that the longer it was delayed, the more disastrous would be the result to England, and he only waited a suitable opportunity and a plausible *casus belli*, to produce the final result.

But he had kept his intentions, this portion of his chosen line of foreign policy, which he had adopted and unswervingly pursued from the commencement of his political career, carefully concealed from his supporters. It was a strange fact that his deliberately chosen enemies knew far more of his hostile intentions than his own nation. They knew that he was as anxious to precipitate war as they were to delay it, and they had not scrupled to do everything in their power to get rid of this obnoxious man of whom they were conscious as being a sworn enemy to all their cherished interests. Indeed, they had made three or four attempts upon his life, the most bare-faced of which I intend herein to chronicle.

On the occasion in question, as soon as Parliament was adjourned, he hastened off by the first train to join his 600-ton steam yacht, the *Datura*, for a short cruise in the Mediterranean, accompanied by his son Rupert and myself. I arrived at Genoa thoroughly tired—I never could stand railway travelling, especially on Italian trains—and hearing that the "city of palaces" was exceptionally uninteresting for the casual passer-through, I promptly turned in.

The Premier had arrived by the 6.45, and when I awoke I found the yacht under weigh and off the pretty little town of Allassio.

As I gazed around I observed a fast-moving, low-raking steam-craft scarcely showing above the horizon. She was running parallel to us, but as she ranged somewhere about abeam, she ported her helm sharply and made straight for us, as it seemed. Rapidly closing in with us, she eventually dropped close under our stern, as if anxious to see the name on the yacht's counter. I cannot say if that was the actual reason; judging by after events, I do not doubt that it was. At any rate, having satisfied her curiosity, she slid away again at full speed, careening over as her helm was jammed down, until her port-rail was awash in the turmoil of water she had raised.

She was a torpedo destroyer, flying the white ensign. An exceptionally clean one, as I noticed, which is certainly a rarity on board such craft, and painted black all over, in the orthodox English manner. But I could have sworn she was not an English-built boat; the posit or and size of her funnels, the curve of her turtle-backed deck forward, the build of her boats, and the very gun mounted on the platform showed essential variations from the British normal types. Moreover, we could not distinguish any name on her rounded stern.

She soon disappeared over the edge of the horizon, doing her thirty knots an hour, but all the day long she kept on peering up over the top of the blue sea's end, now seen and now hid, as a porpoise that gambols round a great home-ward-bound liner.

The great dark banking clouds went swinging across the dome of Heaven in an undignified helter-skelter; the dirty-looking dark grey waves, each jostling close on its neighbour's heels, with a white feather of spray on their curling crests, hurried on to break and splutter and soothe around our bows and sent an indignant zip-zip over the fo'castle. When once well out to sea the *Datura* was again swung round from the head seas, and, rolling uneasily to the short hollow waves, which kept the man at the wheel ever busy with the spokes, with from time to time a great sheet of inquisitive spray alighting with a sullen slap on deck, ploughed her way on westward.

I should have said ere this, that Sir Edwin always appears to me to be a perfect martinet as regards discipline, and among other "cranks" he kept two moderate-sized quick-firing guns, that seemed abnormally large and out-of-place on board a pleasure yacht. His men were regularly practised at these and handled them almost to perfection.

I suppose it was about 10 o'clock when, in spite of the roughness of the weather, we were strolling up and down on the upper deck. The Premier was talking to me about naval warfare with the interest which he always seemed to introduce into all his conversations, when suddenly a hoarse shout from the look-out man came swinging up from the bows,—"Big steamer on starboard bow!"

"What the dickens does he mean?" muttered the skipper, scornfully, after a moment's pause, as he peered anxiously into the blackness ahead. "Can't see any lights." Then all of a sudden he rapped out to the man at the wheel: "Hard a star!" "Port! Hard-a-port!" yelled the Premier, jumping on to the captain's command as a greyhound leaps on to a hare, and grasping the starboard telegraph he swung it up to "stop." The helmsman mechanically obeyed the Premier's determined order and whirled the wheel over. A few seconds of suspense, and a great low-lying battleship, with solid seas sweeping her

fore-deck, with neither mast-head nor side-lights showing, silent as a ghost—for her engines had been stopped—save for the gurgling hum of escaping steam, swept past to port, within an ace of brushing away our stumpy bowsprit with her heavy stern, as she turned slowly on her keel.

The whole thing was so sudden and inexplicable that we all remained dazed for the moment, whilst the yacht with her starboard engine stopped and her helm hard over began rapidly turning in a circle.

Then the Premier, his clean-shaven face set in a hard, stern mould, with long drawn lines about his close-pressed lips, his whole expression emphasised by the upward glare of the binnacle-lamp, walked to the port telegraph and flung it back to "Stop" also.

He remained gloomily silent for a moment, then in the dull, cold, toneless voice, that often tells of strong internal emotion, he gave brief orders to get the after search-light ready, and for the gun crews to stand by in readiness.

A few seconds—to me this period of inactivity felt as hours—elapsed, and then a seaman's voice fluttered up from stern, half-broken by the wind, saying that the search-light would not work. At the same moment far behind us through the dense palpable darkness we heard the throb-throb of the battleship's screws, and growing louder momentarily; she was after us again!

The telegraphs were once more set at "full speed ahead," orders were given to switch off the electric light, even the binnacle lights were put out, and the *Datura* forged on ahead once more.

Sir Edwin paced up and down the bridge once or twice, then, sharply twisting on his heel as he came to the canvas dodger, he cried in a sharp, passionate voice:

"Give 'em a shot with the stern gun."

Shooting in the dark, without a sign of a target to aim at, and in a short jerky sea, is desperately fluky work, but there was a queer kind of metallic ring, as the shot roached its goal, that told us that it had not been aimed altogether in vain.

"Funnol, I should think," murmured the captain, laconically. "May tell a tale, the next port they stop at."

We soon out-distanced the heavy battleship, for the *Datura* was renowned for her speed, and after a quarter of an hour's decreasing uneasiness on deck, Rupert and I went down into the snug little reading-room to discuss the situation. The Premier sat apart, and refused to enter into conversation, spending the time so far as I could see, in writing out something in a business-like and methodical manner.

Rupert asked him what he was doing, to which his only reply was "Latin verse," in a curt, queer voice. This was certainly one of his favourite recreations in moments of idleness. But I have a shrewd suspicion that for once in a way he was not telling the truth.

After half-an-hour or so he got up, folded the paper up carefully and placed it in his pocket-book, then turning to us with his usual cheery smile upon his handsome face, he sprawled into one of the lounges near us and set himself to explain the extraordinary event of the previous hour, throwing a flood of light upon the mystery that dazzled us completely.

With our hazy ideas of diplomacy we had always thought that it was carried on on a more or less honourable basis, and the dastardly plot which the Premier disclosed to us, about the genuineness of which, after his lucid explanation, no shadow of doubt could be left in our minds, struck us more as a romance of the buccaneer period than a possibility of modern times, and helped to exemplify the absolutely unprincipled character of our foes, which has been proved to me on more than one occasion by my own personal and bitter experiences.

The battleship, he explained in quiet undertones, was almost certainly one belonging to our future enemies of war; the heavy military tops, massed batteries, and black-topped funnels, all dimly outlined in the glare of our lights as the vessel swept past us, were, he pointed out, essential details in their marine architecture. The torpedo-destroyer, he inclined to think, and in this I latterly agreed with him, probably belonged to the same nation; in which case its connection with the event was apparent. It would naturally have been sent to spy upon our position and direction from time to time; in order not to arouse any latent suspicion, it had been disguised to represent an English craft.

As to the averted collision, there was not the slightest doubt that the battleship had been directed against the yacht with the fullest intention of sinking her; the fact that she carried neither head nor sidelights, that her engines were stopped at the time, that the ship's helm was clearly jammed a-port, so as to catch the yacht, if she tried to edge away—as indeed she would have done if the captain's order had been acted upon—were more than sufficient to prove her sinister intentions.

The morning broke dull, cold and cheerless, with, however, a decreasing sea and lessening wind, and in harmony with the colourless paleness of our surroundings were the sleepless faces of the crew. I believe that the only man that slept soundly that night was the Premier, and yet even his iron nerve was temporarily jarred by the shock. At any rate, the yacht was run straight for Marseilles, and Sir Edwin, having exacted a promise of secrecy from all on board, put ashore and left for England by the next train.

But why a battleship of a certain nationality that paints its vessels' funnels buff with a black top, put in at Spezzia with part of her after-funnel carried away by an unmistakable shot-mark, has remained an unexplained mystery to this day. The officers were exceedingly reticent on the matter, which fact joined to give the great British daily Press endless cause for the wildest speculation; but none of them, I fancy, ever connected the accident with the Prime Minister's unexpected return home.

Neither was Sir Edwin too particular to inquire into why the *Datura* took such an unconscionably long time in reaching Southampton, or why the helmsmen of various outward-bound steamers cursed an English yacht—with which, I regret to say, the *Datura* was usually identified—for blinding them with a totally unnecessary use of the electric searchlight.

RED LETTER DAYS

A Chronicle of Interesting Events that have
Happened this Week.

6th December, 1670.—Henry Jenkins died this day at the age of 170, having been born at Bolton-upon-Swale in the year 1500. He had followed the employment of a fisherman for 140 years. He died at Ellerton-upon-Swale and was buried in the churchyard of Bolton, near Richmond, Yorkshire, where a small pillar was erected to his memory, the stone bearing the inscription: "He lived longer than men who were stronger, and was too old to live any longer." Jenkins was once examined in court on a circumstance that happened 140 years previously. As he was born before parochial registers were kept, no parish would support him, and he was obliged to beg for his living.

7th December, 1815.—Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," was this day shot as a traitor in the Luxembourg Gardens at Paris. After the abdication of Napoleon I., in 1814, he took service under Louis XVIII., and when the first Napoleon escaped from Elba and marched into France, Ney was sent against him. The old enthusiasm, or the force of circumstances, caused him to desert the Bourbons, and go over to his old master with 12,000 men. He fought gallantly at Waterloo, having five horses shot under him. After the fall of his master he was taken and tried for treason. At the place of execution, he walked with a firm step towards the wall, then faced about and, raising his hat with one hand and placing the other over his heart, he called to the men of the firing party to shoot straight at his breast. On December 7th, 1833, a monument was erected to him at the spot where he fell.

8th December, 1680.—In the plays of old, female parts were taken by men or boys, very much the same way as in these days the principal boys in pantomimes are played by girls. In fact, it was not until this date that women appeared on the regular stage. The character enacted by the first actress in England was Desdemona, but the name of this intrepid adventuress has not been preserved, and it is believed that she was a foreigner, for most records state that the first English actress was a Mrs. Coleman, who appeared in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* as Innthe in 1556. Charles II. is said to have first encouraged the public appearance of women upon the stage.

9th December, 1709.—In the FEMALE TATLER for this date appears the following notice: "Dropt, near the Playhouse in the Haymarket, a bundle of Horowhips, designed to belabour the Footmen in the Upper Gallery, who almost every night this Winter have made such an intolerable disturbance that the players could not be heard, and their Masters were obliged to hiss them into silence." In those days reserved seats were unknown, and people used to send their footmen to keep places in the pit for them. On their masters' arrival, the footmen ascended to the upper gallery, to which they were allowed free admission. From this notice and numerous other references by contemporary writers, it appears that James made himself an intolerable nuisance in the theatre, so the privilege was ultimately withdrawn, to the great benefit of the neighbouring pot-houses.

10th December, 1839.—An amusing display of official self-importance occurred at Windsor Castle. A man, well-dressed in a foreign style, drove up in a carriage and four and announced himself as the bearer of important dispatches to be delivered personally to the Queen. Her Majesty sent a message that he must hand the missives to an equerry; this course, the man stated, would be inconsistent with the oath he had taken. At last he was removed to the police-station and searched, when some newspapers, with a foreign postmark, addressed to the Queen, were found on him. He turned out to be a clerk in the General Post-Office, named Saunders. A packet of newspapers had been accidentally left behind when the Windsor mail was dispatched; and Saunders was sent down to deliver them. He had to pay rather severely for this freak, being imprisoned for a night in the police-station and afterwards suspended from his duties for two months.

11th December, 1705.—John Smith, who had been convicted of housebreaking, was carried from Newgate to Tyburn to be executed. Some minutes after he was turned off the scaffold, a reprieve arrived for him; he was at once cut down and soon revived, to the astonishment of the spectators. That delectable publication, the NEWGATE CALENDAR, interviewed him as to his sensations after he was turned off. He said that at first he felt great pain but that it gradually subsided, and that the last thing he could remember was the appearance of a light in his eyes. The greatest pain he experienced was when he felt the blood returning to its proper channels. He was twice afterwards charged with housebreaking; the first time he was acquitted through a point of law, the second time he escaped through the death of the prosecutor.

12th December, 1656.—An amusing incident is related as having occurred on this date. Christina of Sweden never wore a nightgown, but used to wrap a serviette round her head, thus giving to her by no means handsome features a monstrous and forbidding aspect. It occasionally happened that she had a difficulty in going to sleep, and it was her custom to have musicians summoned to play at her bedside. On this particular night some choristers were brought to the bedside with the musicians, and the Queen was charmed by the exquisite voice of one of the lads. She sat up in bed and drew aside the closed curtains, thus revealing herself for the first time. With her head wrapped in the large napkin, she presented such a terrifying and unexpected spectacle to the players and singers that they stood as if paralysed for a moment, and then fled in horror from the royal bedchamber, uttering shrieks of fear.

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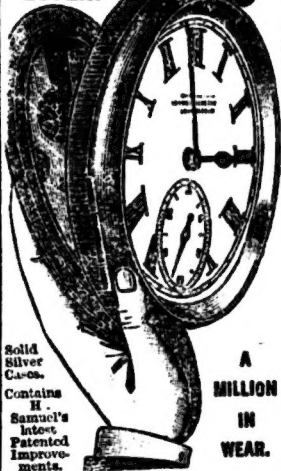
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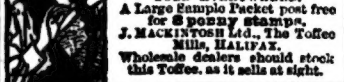
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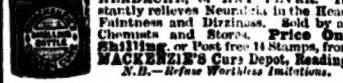


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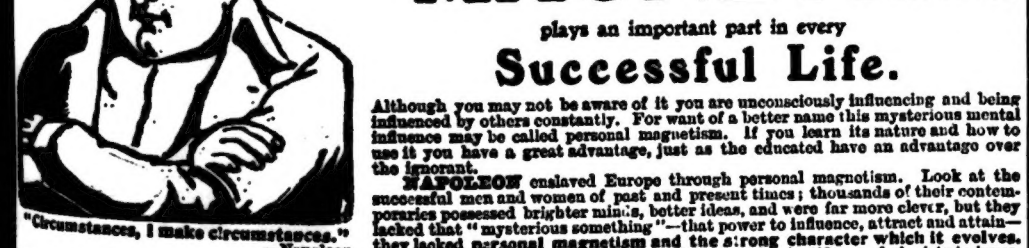


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"49 Spinney Hill Rd., Leicester, July 26th, 1901.
"Gentlemen, — I received the Suit last Thursday, and it greatly exceeded my expectations. It fits splendidly, and the workmanship is all that can be desired; splendid in every way. I could not get a Suit in Leicester to equal it under 45/-. I shall recommend your firm to all my friends, and you will hear from me again when I require anything. — I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.
(Signed) "CHAS. W. GEARY."
WE WILL FORFEIT £5,000
If the above is not a genuine unsolicited testimonial from a purchaser of one of our famous "Challenge" Suits.
Superior Quality Suits, 27/6. Overcoats, 25/-.
WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS
with Self-measuring Form and Tape. Then ask your local tailor his price for a suit to our pattern. His answer will surprise you.
CURSON BROS.,
"The World's" Measure Tailors (Dept. 37), 55 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.



Cut this out
& Save Pounds

TRUE HAIR RESTORER SENT FREE.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh's offer to all who desire to grow Hair.



I have decided for a short time to renew my offer of sending a testing sample of my wonderful hair growing preparation, absolutely free to any person who asks for it, and who will agree to use it according to my simple directions.

If this is done I am positive that the results will be surprisingly gratifying.

I ask you particularly to try my preparation if you have tried others without success. Many of the commendatory letters that come to me are from persons who, having tried various advertised liquids for hair growth with no obvious result, have used mine with the utmost

satisfaction, there being a palpable growth started after a few applications.

In cases where persons have been bald for years, or where the hair has fallen out because of disease, the use of my preparation has brought a vast number of genuine testimonials. For forcing hair where it does not show a tendency to grow (as in the production of a moustache) also in arresting the falling out of hair, my preparation is wonderful in effect.

A TEST WILL COST YOU NOTHING.

So great has been the demand for my hair grower that I am receiving orders from all parts of the world. People in distant lands write that they never knew of such a remarkable hair grower before.

I never pay theatrical persons or others to endorse me, but only use the genuine unsolicited recommendations of persons in ordinary walks of life, and I will with pleasure supply copies of hundreds of such letters from people whose bona fides are unquestioned.

I will send a tin of my preparation for testing, with letter of directions, in a plain, sealed covering, promptly, upon receipt of two stamps for posting, &c. Address, mentioning name of this publication—

J. CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.



MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

For making a good impression you cannot do better than cover your floors with Catesbys' Cork Lino. The effect of the rare colourings and designs imprinted on this material is really beautiful, and the Cork substance is so soft and noiseless that you find it makes the most comfortable floor covering you ever put your feet on. Catesbys' Cork Lino is quite distinct from all others. In preparation it is subject to certain high pressure to ensure future durability; and the colour designs are treated in a way that gives the permanence of pattern so characteristic of our Lino. The material is perfected before offered for sale, and when it reaches you it needs no scrubbing at any time, and harbours neither dust nor dirt. Write for samples, and then make your purchase from us, either on Easy Terms (no reference or security required) or for cash. The latter way secures you a discount of 2s. in the £. We pay carriage to your home.

CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

	A QUALITY.	B QUALITY.
3yds. by 3yds. ...	2 5 9	2 8 6
3yds. by 3yds. ...	0 15 9	0 18 0
3yds. by 4yds. ...	0 18 6	1 1 0
3yds. by 4yds. ...	1 1 0	1 4 0
3yds. by 4yds. ...	1 4 6	1 8 0
4yds. by 4yds. ...	1 8 0	1 12 0

CATESBY & SONS

(Dept. W.), 64-67 TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT. This marvellous remedy, is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each, has 300 years' reputation, and if you keep it by you it does not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This book should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

The daintiest tit-bit for all outdoor sports, for the theatre, for all occasions where a sweet-meat or refreshment is desired, is a cake of **CAILLER'S Swiss Milk CHOCOLATE**. It is delicious; it is pure; it is sustaining. It is the premier and best Swiss Milk Chocolate made by the oldest manufacturers in Switzerland. Sold by confectioners, in tablets, croquettes, and fancy boxes.

Sole Agents for United Kingdom: **ELLIS & Co., 50 St. Thomas Street, Liverpool; 11 Bow Lane, London, E.C.**

Remember the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, Bank of England, E.C.

Indigestion.

The well-known Sydney Smith once said: "friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings the body produce corresponding sensations of the mind and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched by a morsel of indigestible Food."

For
Indigestion
Guy's Tonic
is an
Unfailing
Remedy.
There's no
doubt about
this.
Prove it
in your own
Case.

Those unfortunate people who suffer from Indigestion will readily agree that this statement is not in the least exaggerated. Besides acute pain after eating there are many other equally uncomfortable symptoms as Wind, Heartburn, sensation of sickness, attacks of Giddiness, Loss of Appetite, an unpleasant taste in the mouth, dull Headaches, Depression of Spirits, and a feeling of Drowsiness.

Guy's Tonic is confidently recommended to all who suffer from Indigestion and its subsequent disorders, even though everything else has failed. A few doses will effect a wonderful improvement in the Health. By its beneficial action upon the walls of the Stomach Guy's Tonic invigorates the organ to greater exertion besides itself actually assisting in the work of Digestion. This splendid remedy does not tinker with symptoms alone, it goes to the very root of the Disorder. That is the reason why Guy's Tonic invariably succeeds where other medicines have failed.

The Food thus digested is capable of being quickly absorbed into the Blood, and there Nourishes you and builds you up, refreshing alike your Physical Strength and Nervous Powers. The most acute Dyspeptic suffering rapidly subsides under the restoring influence of Guy's Tonic, and the first result is that you experience a better Appetite, and look forward to meal times with pleasure instead of dread as formerly.

Convincing Evidence

Miss S. Thomas, of 44 Station Street, Boston, Lincolnshire, writes on October 28th, 1901:

"I had Chronic Indigestion so bad I could hardly walk across the room. I felt Low Spirited, and everything seemed a trouble. I had a Doctor, but his treatment was all in vain. Seeing Guy's Tonic advertised, my friends were anxious that I should try a bottle. I did so, and before three bottles were taken I felt like another person. So great was the relief. I have recommended Guy's Tonic to scores of people, and all of them agree it is a wonderful Tonic. My Brother, who is also now taking it, only had four doses, and has already found relief. A gentleman to whom I recommended Guy's Tonic some time ago writes to say he was so pleased with the result of its use that he had written you a testimonial. So, as I am concerned, I intend never to be without a bottle of the house."

Mr. J. T. Rose, of Sutton Bridge, writes:

"My Wife for 20 years has suffered from Indigestion. She has been trying Doctors and all sorts of medicines, but got worse. This winter she has been very Low Spirited, and the eating of a small biscuit only has caused Pain and Sickness. Seeing your advertisement in the *Christchurch Herald*, she thought she would try Guy's Tonic. She did so, and I can safely say she is better than she has been for years. Since taking Guy's Tonic her Appetite has improved, and she is decidedly stronger."

Guy's Tonic is an unfailing Remedy for Indigestion, Sluggish Liver, and Nervousness; and is certainly of distinct service when, without any specific ailment, the System is "low," and the General Health a little Weak.

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of purely Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. Six Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1 1/2d., is on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Scabs, Scalds, Scrofula, Scoury, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Disorders, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test of 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

Smoke RICHMOND GEM



The Original
Imported
Cigarette.

Guaranteed
Absolutely Pure.

THREE PENCE PER PACKET OF TEN.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

500 Dozen Men's Woollen Cardigan
Jackets. (Almost Given Away.)

In Black and Brown, Button Cuffs, fast
colours, and quality, full men's size, very
strong, al-
most over-
lasting war.
Each Jacket
guaranteed
to wear well.
Special
Offer—
3 for 10/-, 6 for 19/6.
Illustrated Bargain
Catalogue of Carpets,
Bedsteads,
Linen, Curtains,
Table Linen, etc.,
the best free (if in-
teresting) in the
writing). F. HODGSON and SONS
(Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and
Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.



ANY ARTICLE ON APPROVAL.

TERMS: Send 1s. only
and send same amount
every Saturday, until
article is paid for.
BARGAIN—Lady's Real 18-carat Rolled Gold
Watch Guard, Engraving Pattern, in
Black Case—accept 10s.
BARGAIN—Real Massive 18-carat Rolled Gold
Cuff Bracelets, with Padlock and Safety
Chain—accept 10s.
BARGAIN—Gent's Real Massive 18-carat
Watch—accept 10s.
You have only to send 1s. to start with, and
the balance will be sent on approval quite privately.
Money Returned if not Approved.
Catalogues Free.
DEAN & CO.,
JEWELLERS AND JEWELLERS,
SHEFFIELD.

THE BIJOU MUSICAL BOX.
This piece of music represents a
Music Box playing six Popular
Airs, and introduces the Chimes,
Bugle-calls, Cuckoo &c. P. 1st floor,
1st, 1st, W. RITCHIE (A.O.) 45 Radnor
Drive, Liverpool, Cheshire.

DON'T COUGH USE KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH.

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU,
"there is no better Cough Medicine."
—One gives relief; if you suffer from
cough try them but once; they will
cure, and they will not injure your
health; an increasing sale of over
20 years is a certain test of their
value. Sold in 1/3d. tins.

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY

LET US START YOU.
No experience needed. Our Agents
made over £1,000 last two months
supplying the demand for our
famous
Century
Thermal
Bath
Cabinet
and ap-
point-
ing Sub-
Agents.
Mr. Biko,
of Wolver-
hampton
made £72 the
first three
months.
Mr. Kitson,
Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie
Cooper £23 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk,
£20 in six weeks. Everybody Buys, business-
men, families and novices. Why Work for
Others? Be Your Own Master! Write
for Agents' Proposition No. 25, and mention
"Pearson's Weekly".
Century Thermal Bath Cabinet, Ltd.
(Dept. 25), 201 Regent Street, London, W.

Have you
got it?

EVERY MUSIC LOVER
should write at once for a copy of
J. M. DRAPER'S
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF
Musical Instruments.
IT IS FREE
to all applicants, and illustrates J. M.
DRAPER'S WORLD-FAMOUS OR-
GANOGRAPHY as well as all other Musical Instru-
ments.
Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, &c.,
and other useful Household Articles are
included in the List.
CASH OR EASY TERMS,
according to the Buyer's convenience.
Write for a copy to-day.
J. M. DRAPER,
DEPT. 164
Organo-graph Works,
BLACKBURN.

NEW CENTURY PHONOGRAPHS

Loudest, Simplest, Cheapest, and Best
TALKING MACHINE.

17/- AGENTS
WANTED 17/-
EVERYWHERE.
Marvel of the Century
Wonder of the Age.

It is not a toy,
but as loud as a
machine gun.
10 Guin. as
RECORDS.
WONDERFUL
DISCOVERY!
Loud, Fine-
tuned, and
Distinct.
Fit any make of machine. 10,000 Selections 1/6 each
EVERY MACHINE SENT ON APPROVAL.
Write for Free Lists and Entertaining Pamphlet,
"How to Make Records"; also "New Century
Phonographs and All about Them." Sent free on
receipt of address.
NEW CENTURY PHONOGRAPHS
(LIVERPOOL), CLIFFORD & CO., LTD.,
94, EASTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1.
21 PRYADILL, LONDON, W. & 2 FRIDAY ST.,
CHEAPSIDE, LONDON; 27 OXFORD ST., MANCHESTER

THE 'GREENWICH' CLOCK

2/6 £1-7-6
Monthly. (25/- NETT CASH.)



Height, 17 1/2. Width, 10 1/2.
D 14 1/2.
The "GREENWICH" Regulator is absolutely
unrivalled, and at the price offered it cannot be
equalled by any other firm in the world. It is a
handsome addition to any room, whether in
London, Paris, or cottage, and the IMPORTANT
RECOMMENDATION is its absolute reliability as a
timekeeper. The movement is of best finish
throughout, and goes 14 days with once winding,
and strikes the hours and half hours on a de-
pendable, and with a musical and im-
pressive effect. The case is of figured walnut,
with richly carved fluted dome, pillars and
reliefs.
Every Clock is specially adjusted and timed to
the exactest standard, completely packed, and
forwarded carriage paid, complete with printed
instructions and warranty for two years.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY.

BUT write for the
Clock, stating full Name,
Occupation, Address, and mention Pearson's
Weekly. The Clock is then forwarded in approval
for seven days, in order to afford an opportunity
for TRIAL, CONSIDERATION, VALUATION, or
any other test. If not satisfactory, pure use can
then be completed on terms of 5/- deposit, and
nine monthly payments of 2/6 each, or each in
full, if preferred, when 2/- discount may be
deducted. This offer is only made to bona fide
home choicers. Catalogue post free on application.
THE ONLY ADDRESS
W. E. WATTS,
Founded 1858,
106 108
Derby Road, NOTTINGHAM.

CUTLERY.

J. G. GRAVES' "Enterprise" Parcel. 25s.



3/-
PER
MONTH.
HOW TO PAY ...
Send 3/- with order, and complete purchase in six more monthly payments of 3/-, and
one of 4/-; or, if you prefer to pay the balance in one sum within seven days of delivery,
J. G. Graves will forward a splendid pair of Carvers as discount. If you are not
satisfied, return the Parcel, and your deposit will be refunded in full.
Catalogues Free. Energetic Men Wanted as Agents.
J. G. GRAVES, 23 Division St., SHEFFIELD.

25/- FOR THREE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS. 25/- FOR

THE 10/6 LOT THE 10/6 LOT THE 10/6 LOT
One "WYVERN" Fountain Pen, beautifully chased and finished
with 14-carat solid gold nib. Warranted. (State whether fine
medium or broad point is required.) Usual price 10/6
One "WYVERN" 25/10-Pen, fitted with platinum, pointed nib, with
one "WYVERN" 25/10-Pen, fitted with platinum, pointed nib, with
one STERLING SILVER Penholder, exquisitely chased, six
inches long. Suit for Lady or Gentleman. Usual price 10/6
FREE—One-grass-a-sorted FINEST H's Sup. Pen. Usual price 10/6

The Lot 10/6. FINEBURN BROS., Victoria Pen Works, Leicester. The Lot 10/6.
On receipt of P.O. for 10/6 the above will be forwarded per return. Money returned on return of parcel.

From Brain

MACDONALD SMITH'S SYSTEM of
Perfect Touch and Technique, "the most
striking discovery of the present generation
for practical musicians" (Musical News).
"Involves the total abolition and disas-
tachment of all that terrible scale-pen-
ciling and finger-exercising" (Westminster
Gazette). "The excellence of his methods
has been abundantly proved." (The Times).
PROSPECTUS POST FREE.
MACDONALD SMITH, Steinway Hall,
LONDON, W.

to Keyboard.

Direct from the Kilns. Saving 50 per cent.
CROCKERY: Two years' Supplies for 21/-
For the modest sum of 21/- we will supply any
ordinary family with crockery enough to last two
years. One Doz. or Set, 47 pieces, printed; one
Breakfast Set, 21 pieces, pure white, finished in



gold: one Tea Set, 21 pieces, printed, art-
istic shapes, decorated in art colours. Five varticle
perfectly sound and well made. Satisfaction
guaranteed, or money refunded. Smaller
Parcels at 10/6. For 1/- several samples and
testimonials sent.
The Direct Supply Pottery Co., Hanley, Staffs.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.



WARRANTED 50 YEARS
WILL LAST A LIFETIME

Description of Watts' "EMPIRE":
High-class English Lever fully jewelled move-
ment. Constructed on improved principle
with finest English-made material by first-
class British Workmanship. It embodies a
lifetime's accuracy of timekeeping, and con-
tains special finish pivots and pivots of the
hardened steel, and a dampening mechanism
capable of starting a watch at any time, and
in Government Hallmarked case, with a
special weight and strength.
New Edition General Catalogue Post Free.
WATTS & CO. Ltd., Whitminster Works, Offices, BRISTOL.

TO SMOKERS!

Make your own Cigarette, Sir,
It is twice as good.



LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN

Of Every Description
DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY
Large Stock. BEDDING,
Spring Mattresses,
COTS, &c., &c.



ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LIST
giving full
details
POST FREE.
10 Years' Guarantee given.
Carriage Paid. Free Discount for Cash.
CHARLES RILEY, Moor St., Birmingham.

FEEL -CHILLY?

If so, you should know the cause and get a remedy. The commonest cause of that wretched "always cold" feeling is what is known as "liver-chill." Good blood means that you are able to stand cold; poor, weak blood, that you always feel chilly. The blood is often made poor and weak by imperfect liver action. This condition brings about cold hands and feet, you shiver, you feel those miserable depressed feelings, have continual fits of "the blues," and become altogether most irritable and "out of sorts." In order to cure this it is necessary to first put the liver in proper order. Bile Beans for Biliousness do this exactly. They are a liver specific. They correct the liver and help it to do its work. In disordered systems the bile is by their help extracted, the blood purified, and that natural warmth generated which ends for good those chilly sensations. Remember also that Bile Beans are purely vegetable. You may get them from any chemist for 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box; or post free if this paper is mentioned, from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, London, E.C., on receipt of price. Beware of preparations represented as being Bile Beans, but which are sold loose in pennyworths.



A Free Sample

BILE BEANS for BILIOUSNESS

The proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of Bile Beans, that they will forward a sample free,

and a book on the liver and digestive ailments, if you send your name and address,

and a penny stamp (to cover return postage), along with accompanying coupon. Address:

**FREE SAMPLE
COUPON.**
BILE BEANS.
Pearson's Weekly. Dec. 12th, 1901.

The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Central Distributing Depot, Greek Street, Leeds.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "TATCHO."

"DAILY MAIL" INTERVIEWS MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

A Daily Mail representative sought out Mr. Sims at Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park. "When I discovered the preparation, I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. Geo. R. Sims. "Look at my hair now. In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began."

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence."

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair restorer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within reach of all."

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public, a wealthy syndicate has been formed, embracing several of the best known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the name of the Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Company have decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. The Company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and will introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through extravagant outlay in advertisement. To enable you to participate in this distribution, cut out the coupon under Mr. Geo. R. Sims' portrait, and post to the Company's offices, with postal order for 1/10, in exchange for which you will receive, under plain cover, a large 4/6 trial bottle post free.

COUPON



This Coupon entitles the holder to one 4/6 size Large Trial Bottle of Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' HAIR RENEWER for 1/10 post free. F.W.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

"TATCHO" OFFICES, 81b Great Queen Street, Holborn, London, W.

"Tatcho" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the World, in Bottles at 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-.



DON'T BE HUMBUGGED.

QUAKER OATS is the favourite cereal food. There are many imitations, all lacking the nourishing qualities peculiar to QUAKER OATS. You will avoid disappointment by seeing that the Quaker figure is on each packet. The delicious, healthful, and economical cereal food in the world. Its sales exceed those of all other brands combined.

Quaker Oats

IT MAKES MOST PORRIDGE. IT MAKES BEST PORRIDGE.

To readers of Pearson's Weekly, 12/12/1901, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamp value (Regd.) we will send you the Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug, ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount. Suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

Special Offer—2 Carpets and 2 Rugs, 8s. ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE of Carpets, Hearth-rugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free if, when writing, you mention "Pearson's Weekly," 12/12/1901.

REAL BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

ADMITTEDLY THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of real Brussels, and except by the closest scrutiny the difference cannot be detected.

Size. Each. REDUCED SALE PRICE. Size. Each. 9 ft. by 5 ft. ... 3/11 9 ft. by 10 ft. ... 8/6 12 ft. by 12 ft. ... 12/6 9 ft. by 9 ft. ... 4/6 9 ft. by 12 ft. ... 6/6 12 ft. by 15 ft. ... 14/6 12 ft. by 9 ft. ... 5/11 10 ft. by 12 ft. ... 11/6 12 ft. by 12 ft. ... 12/6 9 ft. by 9 ft. ... 7/6 10 ft. by 12 ft. ... 11/6 12 ft. by 12 ft. ... 12/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred. A "Reversible" Brusselslette Hearth-rug (Regd.) to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yards long and 1 yard wide. SPECIAL OFFER—3 Hearth-rugs for 4/6, or 6 for 8/-, Sterling value. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers, Importers, & Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

To Readers of "Pearson's Weekly," 12/12/1901, Offer



10,000
PATENT
WADDLED
QUILTS,
TORA-
LUMS,
OR BED COVERS

(as illustrated)

at an enormous reduction, to read the SALE PRICE 3s. 6d. EACH.

Postage 6d. extra. Covered with beautiful soft Orm, or other floral design, and on reverse side another beautiful floral design, size 56 by 60 in. Special Offer 3 Quilts for 10/- or 6 for 19/6, or 12 for 38/- Cut this out. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearth-rugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., post free (if mentioning F.W., when writing).

"Eat your Victuals; come, there is Sauce!"
HENRY V., ACT 5, SC. 1.

But, there's none to equal

HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE.